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# The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR


Printed in London, Manchester, Frankfurt and Roubaix

46,587

**Ellen Simon walks in Neil's footsteps**

## Daddy's girl

Pages 1/5




**Media**

## Is ITV doomed?

G2 pages 7/9

**Sport**

## England to replay 1966



# Minimum pay push by Labour

Richard Thomas Economics Correspondent

**L**ABOUR plans to impose a minimum wage on Britain's employers in the first year of a Blair government, according to senior members of the shadow cabinet.

After months of heated negotiations with union leaders, frontbenchers have promised a guillotine on the deliberations of the Low Pay Commission, a new body which will be created to set the level of the wage floor.

"We have promised to get this wrapped up within a year, said one shadow cabinet member. "The commission will be given six months at the outside - but it could be much tighter than that."

The move marks a victory for trade unions, who were afraid the commission - which will be made up of a maximum of 15 representatives of employers, unions and "independents" - could be used to delay legislation.

John Edmunds, general secretary of the GMB general union, last night welcomed the move. "This is a good step forward. Without a time limit on the commission, the employers - who do not want a minimum at all - might filibuster. My understanding is that it will be on the statute books within a year." The

WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S MAKE-UPPER MIND TIME



Labour leadership is said to be determined to put a minimum wage on the statute books as quickly as possible, to emphasise commitment to Britain's working poor and prevent a long-running battle with union leaders.

Labour frontbenchers have also agreed that any sensible proposal for the minimum wage will be accepted by the relevant Secretary of State.

Last night Michael Meacher, shadow Employment Secretary, insisted that no final decisions had been taken on any timescale for establishing a minimum wage.

"But the policy will clearly be top of the list," he said.

A paper on implementation strategy for the minimum

wage, drawn up by shadow employment minister Ian McCartney, will be on Tony Blair's desk within the next few weeks.

The draft paper currently sets out options for the size, membership and timetable of the commission. The final version is expected to recommend putting a floor under wages by the spring of 1998, assuming a spring election next year.

Labour wants to introduce the minimum in the spring in order to coincide with wage rounds, and is likely to set up the commission immediately on taking office.

Mr McCartney admitted the process could not be opened. "The commission has very important first job - setting the level for a national minimum wage. There will have to be some sort of time-scale for this."

As evidence of a growing support for a minimum wage from both sides of industry, Mr McCartney pointed to a survey published today by recruitment company Reed.

The Reed poll of firms finds that half of all employers are now in favour of a minimum wage, against only 20 per cent who oppose it. Most, however, favour a regionally-set minimum.

But the Confederation of British Industry, which is almost certain to have at least one seat on the commission, remains resolutely opposed to a government-set minimum.



Dimitra Liani, the widow of the former Greek prime minister Andreas Papandreu, who died yesterday, aged 77, is joined by mourners following his coffin to the Orthodox cathedral in Athens. The body will lie in state until the funeral on Wednesday. Charismatic Papandreu, page 3; Obituary, page 10

# Selective schools will get no new resources

John Carvel Education Editor

**J**OHN MAJOR'S plan to establish a grammar school in every town looked increasingly frail last night, when it emerged that the long-awaited white paper to promote selective education will not be backed up by extra resources.

Gillian Shepard, the Education and Employment Secretary, will tomorrow call for powers to build new self-governing schools in Labour heartlands, where council-run comprehensives have a monopoly of secondary school provision. She wants the Funding Agency for Schools - the quango responsible for state education outside local authority control - to be able to create new grant-maintained schools even where there is a surplus of comprehensive places.

However, sources in the agency said her proposals would be "like the sky" if they were not backed up by extra resources. Each new inner-city grammar school would cost about £10 million, and would add to overall running costs.

David Blunkett, the shadow Education Secretary, said: "She does not believe in reintroducing grammar schools, and her proposals will be a sham to satisfy the Conservative right wing."

The funding agency has a £20 million budget for new

Timetable

- 1996: launch of comprehensive education system
- 1970-74: Education Secretary Margaret Thatcher closed more grammar schools than any other holder of the post
- 1988: Education Reform Act: Schools permitted to opt out of local authority control
- 1998: Education Act: State schools allowed to choose 10 per cent of pupils with a special aptitude. Funding Agency established. League tables introduced
- Spring 1998: government proposed secondary schools be allowed to select 15 per cent of intake on academic ability. Tougher testing of primary school pupils
- June 1998: Labour and teaching unions castigate plans for increasing selection

Labour intends, however, to turn the tables focusing on Mrs Shepard's strong support for the comprehensive principle during a campaign to close grammar schools in Norfolk in the 1970s.

Mrs Shepard yesterday defended her decisions as a Conservative councillor on Norfolk education committees in 1970, which supported switching to comprehensive schooling in spite of advice from the Conservative government that education authorities were not under pressure to do so.

"They were so far down the road of implementing the [comprehensive] education development plan that they had to carry on," she said.

The funding agency already has power under the 1993 Act to ask ministers for permission to build in areas where at least 10 per cent of the pupils are in grant-maintained schools. The white paper would extend this to large areas, including many inner cities, where there has been little or no opting out.

"This signals the beginning of the end of local authority involvement in education. The more cash schools have devolved to them, the nearer they will become to being grant-maintained and the more they will want... self-governing status," said Sir Robert Beichin, chairman of the Grant-Maintained Schools Foundation.

# Broken hearts and bruised feet in Euro 96

John Meakin

**S**UCCESS brings problems, English hero, finally blotted his copy-book. He had cracked Scottish hearts with that penalty save and then smashed Spanish resolve with another in Saturday's shoot-out. Yesterday, he almost broke a nine-year-old fan's foot.

Peter Lavelle was jostling to get an autograph from the goalkeeper, who plays for his favourite team, Arsenal. But Seaman drove his Sierra Cosworth over the boy's foot as he left England's headquarters at the Burnham Beeches Hotel, Buckinghamshire.

Seaman drove off, unaware he had left behind a bruised foot. Rachel Lavelle, Peter's mother, said it was her son's fault. "He was trying to get to the front, as children do." The goalkeeper was expected to meet his young fan.

There were other problems for England's fans. They pitched up at Wem-

bley at midnight, hoping to buy the remaining tickets for Wednesday's semi-final against Germany, to be told only phone bookings were accepted.

German fans are eligible for the remaining 7,000 tickets for the game after As the summer of sport gets into its stride, we today launch an eight-page pull-out in which the Guardian's unrivalled team of sports writers focus on Euro 96, Wimbledon and the Test match. On Friday, a unique 24-page sports magazine comes free with the paper.

3,000 were sold to England fans by phone. Temperatures became increasingly frayed throughout the day. Neil Evans, aged 49, who watched England's 1966 World Cup victory, joined the queues.

"We are the people that make football and it's not right that we can't get a ticket from the ground," he said. "Not everyone has got a credit card. I've spent a fortune watching football

at Wembley. I've seen 146 games there, but the way they've organised tickets for this is a shambles."

In the other semi-final on Wednesday, at Old Trafford, France will play the Czech Republic, who yesterday defeated Portugal 1-0.

There were problems, too, for police as England supporters celebrated in Trafalgar Square. Several fans threw bottles and parked vehicles were damaged. Officers in riot gear were deployed to clear the area. There were 29 arrests after the match.

But England was delighted to be contending with the difficulties associated with winners. The party which began with victory over Scotland continues, at least until Wednesday, helped by a line-up of misjudgment. He raised his checked flag to rob Seaman of a potential winning goal. Crown Prince Felipe was moved to say: "We are the moral victors." In any other language, he was claiming: "We... were robbed." The French line-

man's offside decision, and England's prowess from the penalty spot when the heat was on, gives the team the chance to bury the ghost of German supremacy in clashes between the nations, 1966 aside.

Stuart Pearce showed the way during Saturday's shoot-out. He hid himself of the frustration of his 1990 World Cup shoot-out miss against Germany with a fearsome third kick.

In England, only book-makers are falling to get carried away with jingoism. They stand to lose £5 million if England are outright victors in the final. One spokesman for Ladbrokes, the official bookmakers to Euro 96, said: "The only dark cloud on the horizon is if England go and win it."

Leader comment, page 2; Match reports, pages 12, 13

# White House plays down Hillary 'seances'

Jonathan Freedland in Washington

**T**HE White House moved swiftly yesterday to limit the political fallout from revelations that Hillary Clinton conducted seance-style conversations with dead leaders, including her husband, the most wounded woman since Joan of Arc, and is in thrall to a New Age therapist who once recommended LSD.

Vice-President Al Gore led the defence of Mrs Clinton yesterday, claiming the sessions - in which the First Lady spoke to the spirits of Eleanor Roosevelt and Mahatma Gandhi, and then spoke to herself as though she were them - were "brain-

storming" sessions to help her write a book on children.

"They have attacked her law practice 15 years ago, now they're attacking the way she brainstorms with her friends," Mr Gore said in a television interview.

But damage control is unlikely to quash interest in this new image of Mrs Clinton, which prompted comparisons with Nancy Reagan. Mrs Reagan drew notoriety when it emerged that she planned President Ronald Reagan's schedule according to the whim of her personal astrologer.

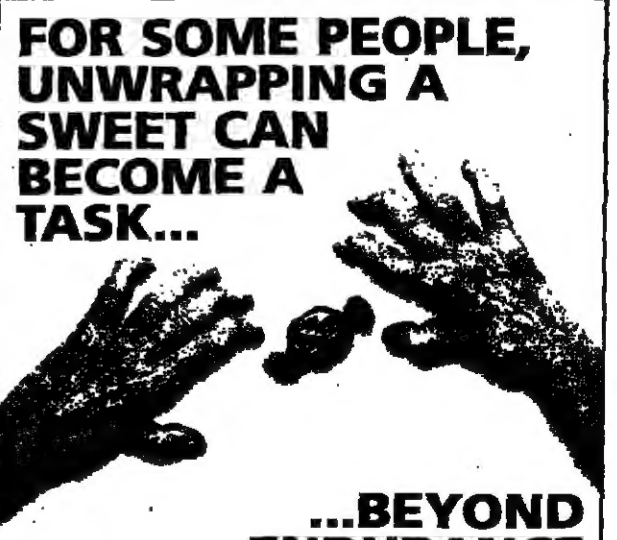
The details of Mrs Clinton's journey toward "healing" come in The Choice, a new book by the respected Washington Post reporter Bob

Woodward, who helped break Watergate. No one at the White House has denied the substance of his story. But Neel Lattimore, the First Lady's spokesman, said: "These were people helping her laugh, helping her think. These were not seances."

The White House chief of staff, Leon Panetta, said: "To describe it as a consultation with psychics is to try to put it in the wrong frame. We have to draw strength from wherever we can... she sat down with friends and advisers, talked through experiences... and I think that's human."

The book details several of them continued on page 2, col 5

**FOR SOME PEOPLE, UNWRAPPING A SWEET CAN BECOME A TASK...**



**...BEYOND ENDURANCE**

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60

**Inside**

Britain

3

**World News**

6

**Finance**

11

**Sport**

16

**Comment and Letters**

Obituaries 10

**Crossword 18**

**Weather 18**

**Radio 16**

**TV 16**

26

9 770261 307316

60

ARTHRITIS RESEARCH

REMEMBER-ARTHRITIS RESPECTS NOBODY



# Victory echoes faintly down the centuries

It may be a long time since Bannockburn, but that is no reason to prevent the SNP from slicking up for a family day out under the stony gaze of Robert the Bruce



Ruaridh Nicoll

**D**AVID Patterson, his eyes bright with drink, said: "Hey, scribbler, tell the lassie what I said earlier." The note-paper showed that he was prepared to die for Scotland. "You hear that," he shouted at the girl, who was dressed in the Scottish flag. "I" — Patterson pointed dramatically to his inflated chest — "would die for Scotland." With a disparaging glance, she told him to bugger off. There was a time when the womenfolk of Scotland would send their reckless men off to battle with a packed lunch and a kiss, only later heading solemnly towards the bloodbath to pick up what was left. But it wasn't Patterson's fault that he was 682 years too late for the battle and the most dangerous thing he would

have to face on Bannockburn field that afternoon was a speech from the Scottish National Party leader, Alex Salmond.

Just to the south of where Patterson stood, in an area now covered with modern developments and industrial parks, the Scottish army led by Robert the Bruce had slaughtered the English like champs. The battle was won, to the chagrin of Bruce's hoity toity friends (he was a bit of a snob), by the towly baggage carriers, who charged at the crucial moment.

As a political symbol it is a winner and each year the SNP take advantage of it with a rally and a march. And so, with a couple of thumps and a groan before the drums and pipes struck up their skirl, a 1,000-strong army headed up Stirling high street, giant banners held up to the cloudless sky. The banners showed the white on blue Saltire or the yellow of the SNP.

The party symbol, a stick drawn fish, its tail pointing straight up as if it were bottom feeding, was every where. With the Ochil hills dark and beautiful on the horizon, the crowd marched onwards. From pubs along the route, like the Rob Roy, kilted lads would join with a cheer as those that they recognised



Leader Alex Salmond catches up with the SNP's march to the Bannockburn memorial

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID MITCHELL

Marched past. "It is a good family day out," said the sick and slightly too well oiled Salmond. The leader was in good cheer: he had just returned from beating England in a parliamentary football match, and as he marched, he threw his arm around anybody nearby, patting small children on the head.

Shoppers stopped and watched as the parade went by. Young and old, women and men, boys and girls, all chanting, "What do we want? Independence. When do we want it? Now." Occasionally independence would be replaced with other words — "Beer" or "Spain to Win" for example. Once out of the high street,

the column threaded up through one of Stirling's less picturesque neighbourhoods, that of St Ninians. Eight skin-heads took up positions by the road to watch the passing humanity. They were drinking Hooch, the alcoholic lemonade which has become the lager for the discerning lout. With a sulger they started singing

God Save the Queen (official version) and throwing Nazi salutes. You had to feel for them; after all, it must be hard to be a man in a place called St Ninians. Once the marchers had negotiated the hooligan line by studiously ignoring it, the top of the hill hove into view, where Bruce sat astride a

charger and a flagpole rose high into the sky to wave its Saltire pride. Worn out by all the walking, the marchers collapsed on the grass or huddled round the leadership to have their photographs taken with Humayun Hanif, the first Asian parliamentary candidate for the SNP and a senior member of the fast-growing Scots Asians For Independence.

The first and only poignant moment came when the band started up on Flower of Scotland and the grand dame of Scottish nationalism, the 75-year-old MEP Winnie Ewing, letered forward on three inch heels to lay the wreath at the monument to Scotland's triumph. "Liberty is not worth having if it is not worth fighting for," the note said. I would have thought liberty is great if you don't have to fight for it but this was not a moment to be parrickery.

"We fight not for glory, nor for wealth, nor honour, but only and alone we fight for freedom which no good man surrenders but with his life," said Bruce stonily, by way of an inscription on the rock. Nicola Sturgeon, the 25-year-old who at the last election was Britain's youngest parliamentary candidate, was a class act during the speeches. "The battle was won at Bannockburn in 1314 but

the war goes on," she told the crowd to a whooping cheer. Ms Sturgeon went on to point out that she meant war in the peaceful, democratic sense.

One marcher noted with approval that her legs had regained their stunning shape after a brief but nonetheless worrying slump in last year's party conference.

When finally it was time for Salmond to speak, he led off with a joke. "I do many things for Scotland," he said referring to his football triumph against the auld enemy. "But never ask me again to put a ball between Theresa Gorman's legs." It was a good joke and the faithful responded, one man's chest heaving under a T-shirt that showed a Scottish rugby player beating a bare-bummed English opponent with a club.

Then Salmond got serious. "William Wallace, according to Michael Forsyth (the Scottish Secretary) was a loser," he shouted to the crowd, who hissed.

"Well, William Wallace died but he wasn't a loser. When the election comes, Michael Forsyth will be the loser." He sat down and the band played the national anthem, Burns' Scots Wha Hae rather than the Corries' Flower of Scotland, before the troops headed off towards Ceilidh.



The folkloric image... A game of pétanque in progress in the Place des Lices in Saint Tropez

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN HOOPER

## Make way for Marcel, bouliste par excellence

Paul Webster on how the folkloric image of a French game is getting a bionic gloss

**M**ARCEL has only one arm and a skeletal steel body, but he is about to blow apart the Provencal game of la pétanque with the bionic precision of Terminator II. A 2 million lb robot developed by the French navy and Toulon University's technological institute, Marcel is a key player in moves to change pétanque's image from a folkloric pastime to a scientific game of Olympic level.

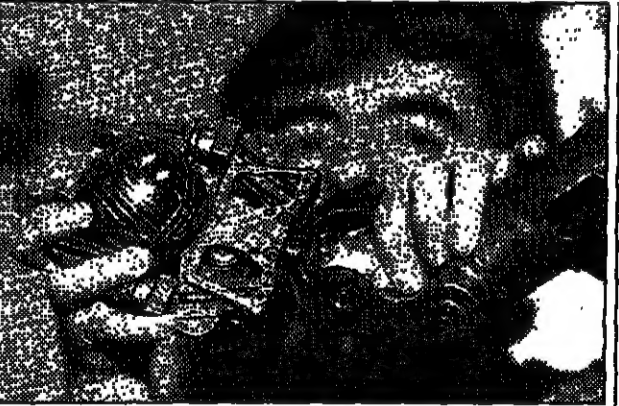
Over the summer, the robot will undergo final adjustments in a laboratory run by Patrick Abellard, professor of automation techniques at Toulon.

When the robot's steely hand goes into regular action in front of cameras that analyse the bowling arm's movements at the rate of 1,000 images a second, he will form part of a nationwide study by

scientists from the Sorbonne and several other laboratories.

The impetus to change the image of a game so strongly associated with southern France has come from a Toulon champion bouliste and physical education teacher, Robert Bruno, aged 53, whose passion for the game includes using it to encourage social integration in rundown immigrant suburbs and throwing out bridges to the third world.

The picturesque view of pétanque can be sampled every day at the Place des Lices in Saint-Tropez, where show business and science meet. Paris Match photographers to reinforce their common touch. But behind the folklore, replayed on thousands of village squares throughout the year by 10 million boulistes, are legendary figures. Mr Bruno, who has taught 5,000 children in the past five



At Toulon University, Patrick Abellard tends Marcel

years in a new school sports programme, can reel off the names of dozens of top level players. Top of his list is Alphonse Baldi, a Marseille metal worker, who reigned supreme through the years before and after the second world war.

Baldi, whose bar La Pivoette at Toulon became one of the temples of pétanque and the

slower, more athletic, Jeu Provençal, had a fantastic reputation as a tireur, the member of a two or three man team who wrecks the precision work of the rival pointeur.

But Baldi's brilliance is now challenged by athletes like Christian Fazzino, who holds the world record as a tireur, hitting 992 steel boules

out of a thousand in 58 minutes.

In 1988 and 1990, the women's world championship was won by Thailand, where the game is compulsory in the army, while Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria have been among countries who have successfully taken on France in the men's championship over the past 30 years.

"The game is cheap, doesn't need any special equipment and can be played anywhere, which is why it's the fastest growing sport in many African territories," Mr Bruno said. "There's no reason why boulistes shouldn't be invited to the Olympics one day."

Despite the Provencal game's popularity, going back to the first rules drawn up in the 13th century, there was no technical handbook until this month, when Mr Bruno published Les Secrets de la Pétanque et du Jeu Provençal. The book is full of analysis of style and technique. Luckily, the bouliste Marcel, terror of the boulistes, hasn't been taught to read yet.

## Inexplicable absence that doesn't make the heart beat any faster

Review

Lyn Gardner

The Invisible Woman Gate Theatre

ABSENCE is at the heart of Paul Godfrey's thorough

going-over of the Latin writer. Terence's second century comedy known as The Mother in Law.

Philumena, married six months, suddenly disappears without trace one day. Her husband is across the other side of the world on business, so her distraught parents and mother and father in law check into a hotel and search

for her. Philumena turns up, as mysteriously as she disappeared, and although she never appears on stage, it is her insistent presence behind the locked door that provides a focus for the drama.

"Who is it? What is it? Is it a dog?" demands the chambermaid who has been refused entry. In a single sentence encompassing the possibility of both the comic and the monstrous, Godfrey's script continuously and skilfully walks this tightrope, but at barely an hour long, the play absents itself before it has really found either rhythm or a compelling reason for its existence.

Lucy Weiler's stylish design of a shiny vermilion hotel corridor makes innovative use of the Gate's space. Orchestral versions of I Never Promised You a Rosegarden are piped into the narrow strip, a woman's land of enforced intimacy where father, mother, parents-in-law and husband are stranded like actors in a bedroom farce who find the bedroom doors locked against

them. There is something of farce too in the play on coincidence. The chambermaid turns out to be the son's ex-lover, the ring-in her possession a symbol of his calumny and his salvation.

But if the play's structure hints towards farce, the writing has an Edward Bondish quality. Early on, I thought we might be in for a middle-class Saved, an anatomy of the emotional intricacy of privilege driven by an inability to communicate.

The coolness and elegance of Godfrey's writing is seductive, and the complexity of the characters who are constantly revealed to be both more and less than they appear is fascinating.

Yet somehow, the piece is less than the sum of its parts. It is hard for an audience to engage with characters who have all the vitality of robots. At the very end, the mother turns to the audience and demands: "Is there justice? Or is there just this?" Just this, I'm afraid. And it's not enough.

## White House plays down 'seances'

continued from page 1

Mrs Clinton's encounters — one in the White House solarium — with Jean Houston, co-director of the Foundation for Mind Research and a renowned believer in spirits, hypnosis and drug experimentation.

Meanwhile, lawyers in the second Whitewater criminal trial have threatened to subpoena Mrs Clinton as a defence witness for two bankers accused of improperly diverting stolen cash to Bill Clinton's 1990 gubernatorial campaign.

Republicans earlier named Mrs Clinton as the architect of an elaborate cover-up after the 1993 suicide of the White House lawyer Vince Foster.

"We're all beginning to recognise that, much as she is the president's strongest ally, she is also his greatest liability," one White House official said yesterday.

## Anger at EU 'deal' on Rushdie fatwa

Ian Black, Diplomatic Editor

**E**UROPEAN Union countries are prepared to accept the moral authority of the EU fatwa ordering the killing of Salman Rushdie in return for assurances that Iran will not attempt to execute the death warrant.

Britain is certain strongly to oppose the proposed deal, which is expected to be pursued by Ireland when it assumes the EU presidency next month, on the ground that Iran cannot be trusted.

But diplomatic sources say a majority of EU members now supports a compromise under which letters to be exchanged with Iran would include a specific reference to the continuing "validity and irrevocability" of the seven-year-old fatwa in return for written guarantees that Tehran will not send agents to murder the novelist.

The fatwa, a religious edict theoretically binding on all Muslims, was issued in 1989 by the late Ayatollah Khomeini after publication of Mr Rushdie's novel The Satanic Verses.

In an attempt to head off a compromise, the International Rushdie Defence Committee denounced the plan, describing it as "a shocking and unacceptable position", which would undermine the moral authority of the EU.

Failure to proceed on the basis of a draft text acceptable to Iran would mean an end to the EU initiative begun by France last year to secure a "ceasefire" that would circumvent the 1989 edict, the sources say.

The issue was discussed in Brussels last Thursday at a regular session of the EU-Iran "critical dialogue". Britain is certain to oppose the idea, which is backed by France, Spain and Italy, the last three EU presidents. Foreign Office sources insist that Iran cannot be trusted, and argue that without the abrogation of the fatwa, Mr Rushdie, still under police protection, can never be considered safe.

Ireland, taking over the presidency on July 1, has excellent relations with Iran, a lucrative market for its beef exports. It is also perceived, unlike Britain, to be both generally non-aligned and specifically distant from the US.

Sources in Dublin have indicated that they believe Britain is holding up a compromise deal to end the Rushdie affair at the same as insisting that the EU treat it as a European-wide issue.

The Rushdie Defence committee told Mahmud Rifees, the Foreign Secretary, on Friday: "An agreement to accept the current draft text would establish the dangerous precedent of cultural relativism; that the right to freedom of speech can be abrogated by religious dictates."

Britain does not want to burn its bridges with Tehran and has resisted US pressure to end the critical dialogue, but it feels there is no room for compromise.

Yet positive signals from Iran would be welcome. One would be if the semi-official foundation that posted a \$2 million "bounty" for the murder of Mr Rushdie withdrew its offer.

The problem was illustrated clearly recently; the Iranian foreign minister, Ali Akbar Velayati, said that there was no intention to murder the author, but a headline Iranian newspaper reported that he would certainly be killed.

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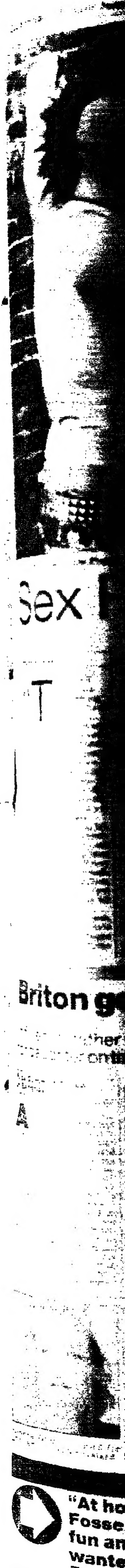
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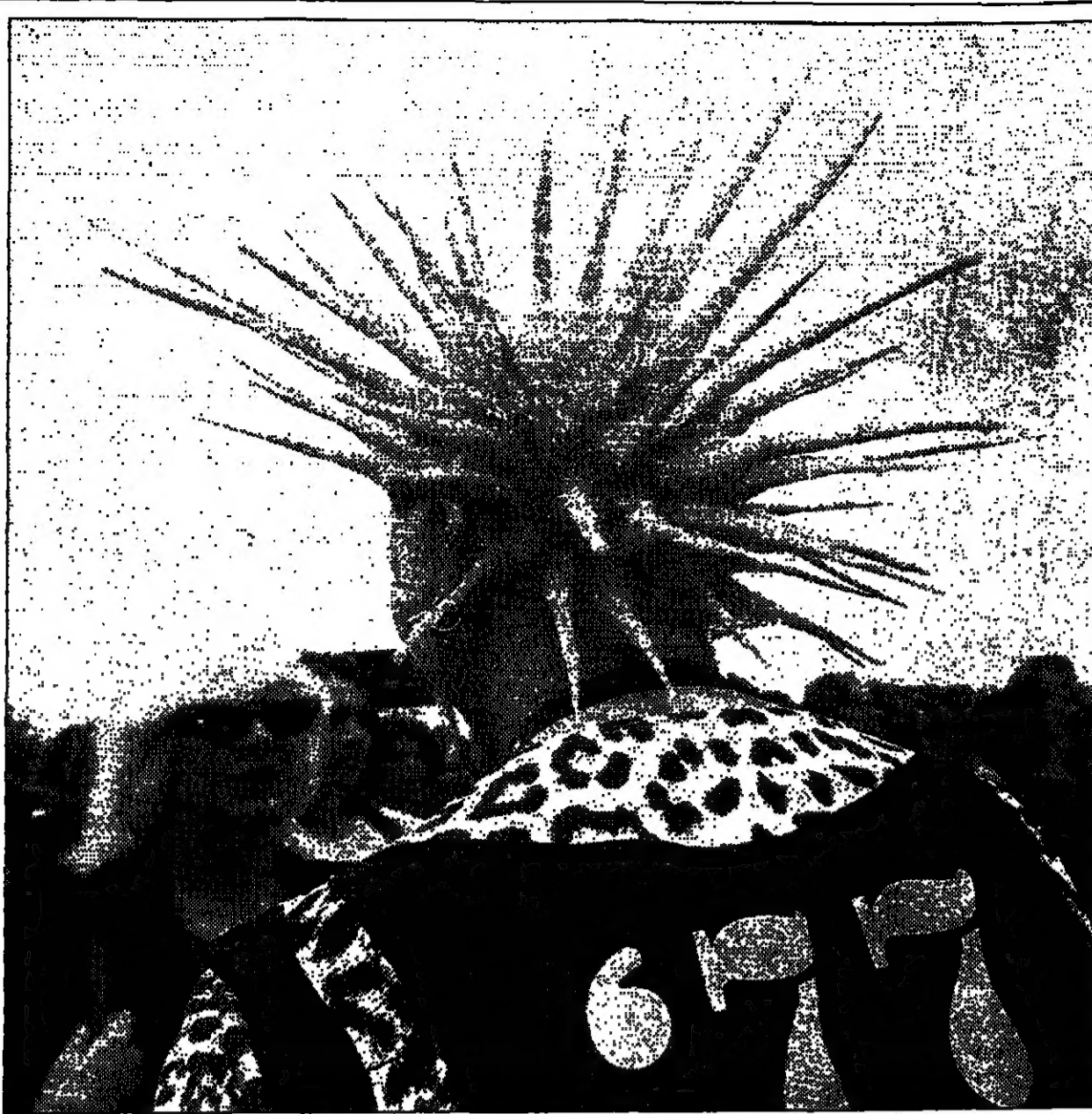


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Eighteen years after the Pistols' last British gig, punk rockers pulled on their leathers yesterday and headed for their comeback in Finsbury Park, London. PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GOODWIN



# Sex Pistols spit out nostalgia

Caroline Sullivan

**"T**HEY'VE changed everything," said Paul Dickens, a 32-year-old Hull civil servant, fluffing a newly-spiked hairdo yesterday at the Sex Pistols' first British gig in 18 years. You wouldn't have known it to look at the four beer-bellied market traders on stage in Finsbury Park, north London, but these were the erstwhile swearing, gobbling punk rockers who invented a genre.

## Time for one final encore

**S**OME bands never quite fade away, even though they keep threatening, while others drop out of the limelight for years before the big comeback, which can sometimes mint them more money than did their first shot at fame and fortune, writes Sarah Bosley.

split up. The Eagles, launched in 1972 by Glenn Frey and Don Henley, reformed in 1994 after 14 years. This summer they play a four-week tour of Europe with gigs in 15 cities.

Madness split up in 1986, but re-formed in 1993, while the Buzzcocks, who broke up in 1982, re-formed in 1990. Among the qualifiers for the Frank Sinatra award for never quite managing to bow out is Gary Numan. His last Top 20 hit in 1987, was a re-release of Cars. He made his comeback this year — with a re-release of Cars.

credulous youth, who peered at Stiff Little Fingers pityingly. Perhaps surprisingly, the Buzzcocks' balding singer, Pete Shelley, seemed to agree: "Haven't you had enough nostalgia yet?" he asked at the beginning of a set composed mostly of new material.

think this is all really sad, but that's what makes it great. Backstage, camera crews wandered around looking for old luminaries to buttonhole. They came up with Liam Gallagher and Patsy Kensit. The England footballer Stuart Pearce was also on the guest list. Out front, young bands like Skunk Anansie and the 60-Ft Dolls kept things ticking over as the Pistols readied themselves.

# Briton gets drugs bail in Thailand

Influential father wins rare deal for daughter on trafficking charge

Nick Cumming-Bruce in Bangkok

**A** BRITISH-BORN tourist and former Southampton college student is to appear in Bangkok's high court on Wednesday to defend trafficking charges in a case raising unusual interest because of an extraordinary bail deal struck with Thai authorities by her father, a senior insurance executive.

Her release came after her father Terry Smith, based in Hong Kong as regional chief of National Mutual Assurance, one of Australia's biggest insurance companies, flew to Thailand to negotiate bail. It is said to have amounted to nearly £40,000.

Ms Smith claimed she had run short of money and that the Pakistani man had offered her £2,000 and a paid air ticket to carry the bag to Tokyo and deliver it to a contact who would meet her at the airport.

Ms Smith's confinement in the "Bangkok Hilton", as inmates dub Lard Yao women's prison, was the low ebb in a life of material privilege that now appears to have rescued her from the indignities of a steamy, overcrowded cell.

# Release highlights plight of 'unluckier' woman

Nick Cumming-Bruce



Sandra Gregory, jailed for 25 years as 'dealer' walked

**T**HE disclosure of Lisa Marie Smith's mysterious bail may revive some of the anguish that wracked Sandra Gregory when a Thai judge freed Robert Lock in February after three years' in jail on the same drug trafficking charges. On her evidence, he was paying her to carry the heroin that put her behind bars, writes Nick Cumming-Bruce.

Gregory, a former teacher, aged 30, who claimed she fell for Mr Lock's deal out of desperation. She had been teaching English in Thailand, had fallen ill and needed the £1,000 she said Lock offered her to help her get home.

Gregory until she checked in with Mr Lock and they found her to be carrying 89.6 grammes of heroin. Mr Lock denied any involvement with the drugs, pleaded not guilty and walked free. She pleaded guilty, received the minimum sentence and faces 25 years in jail.

**"At home I was exposed to people like Bob Fosse and Sidney Lumet. They were so much fun and had so much to say that I knew I wanted to be like them."**  
Ellen Simon

G2 page 4

# Ministers 'meddling' in post row

Michael White Political Editor

**L**ABOUR and the unions levelled charges of ideological meddling against the Government last night after ministers confirmed that they were prepared to consider suspending the Post Office monopoly over the delivery of letters — but only if the current industrial action drags on.

The Post Office itself applied to have its monopoly lifted during a protracted dispute — the current stoppages are brief and have only just begun. "We have obviously not ruled it out. It depends on how the strike develops over time," one ministerial source said last night, as up to 100,000 postal workers were clearing the backlog caused by Friday's 24-hour stoppage, the first serious trouble in the industry since 1988.

# 'Charismatic' Papandreou loses long battle for life

Helena Smith in Athens

**F**LAGS flew at half mast in Greece yesterday as thousands converged on the Orthodox cathedral in Athens to mourn the death of Andreas Papandreou, the former Socialist prime minister.

"national loss" by friends and foes across the spectrum. In Washington, President Bill Clinton expressed sadness at the death of "one of the most influential political leaders in modern Greek history". John Major called Papandreou a "charismatic leader", while President Jacques Chirac of France praised his commitment to Europe.

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4 BRITAIN

Police seek top Sinn Fein man

David Sharrock  
Ireland Correspondent

GERRY Kelly, one of Sinn Fein's chief negotiators in last year's Stormont talks, was being sought by police last night over his escape from arrest during clashes at a loyalist parade on Friday.

Ten police officers and three civilians were injured during disturbances at the Orange parade in north Belfast, which skirted nationalist districts. Mr Kelly, who was accompanied by many republicans, was arrested, handcuffed and put in the back of a police Land Rover, but then allowed out to speak to senior officers. As the RUC came under attack from stone and bottle-throwers, Mr Kelly fled through the crowds.

Later the convicted IRA bomber and Maze prison escaper claimed he had been assaulted by police before being handcuffed.

Yesterday Superintendent Michael Brown confirmed that Mr Kelly was wanted for questioning over alleged public order offences. He said: "Gerry Kelly had been arrested on suspicion of public order offences. At Mr Kelly's request, he had been allowed out of the Land Rover to speak to police. He later managed to make off through the crowd."

Mr Brown said Mr Kelly, who was elected to represent north Belfast in last month's Northern Ireland elections, would be interviewed about the matter and a report prepared for consideration with a view to prosecution.

Mr Kelly is no stranger to being on the run. In 1973 he was a member of the first Provisional IRA team to bomb

London when he was still in his teens. Around 200 people were injured and one man died of a heart attack when bombs exploded at the Old Bailey, Whitehall and Scotland Yard. Caught trying to return to Ireland, he was given two life sentences. After transfer to prison in Northern Ireland, he was one of the leaders of the mass break-out from the Maze and went on the run for years.

In 1986 he was recaptured in Amsterdam and, after a long extradition battle, was returned to Northern Ireland. Between 1980 and 1983 he took part in secret talks with the British Government, alongside Sinn Fein's chief negotiator, Martin McGuinness. In February this year, his involvement became less secret as the 41-year-old west Belfast man stood unsmiling at the back of a Sinn Fein delegation which faced the cameras outside Stormont Castle.

He has been described by some Dublin newspapers as the IRA's adjutant general, a claim he has denied. His last brush with the police came hours before John Major was saying Sinn Fein and IRA leaders were "the reverse side of the same coin".

A 29-year-old man suffered multiple fractures to his arms and legs together with puncture injuries across his body when he was beaten with a sledgehammer and spiked sticks. He was confronted by four masked men in Downpatrick, County Down, late last night. The man tried to flee but was chased and beaten.

In Londonderry, a 35-year-old man was attacked by five or six masked men. He was hit with baseball bats, sticks and iron bars and suffered a fractured ankle and elbow, and broken fingers.



Sadler's Wells closes before next encore

Dan Glaister and John Ezard report

"How we all detested Sadler's Wells when it was opened first!"

THAT was John Gleigud in 1981, the year he acted in the London theatre's first production with the Old Vic company. He was not the only one. Since it opened, Sadler's Wells has provoked exasperation and love from its performers, backstage and administrative staff in not quite equal measure.

Last night that changed. A 1,500-strong sell-out audience for a cabaret finale performance saw the last curtain fall. It is to be replaced by a state-of-the-art, 1,800-seat



John Gleigud (above left) who detested the theatre, and a ballet dress from Sleeping Beauty which was part of the sale

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WEASER

theatre, which will host dance and opera, in 1988.

The Sadler's Wells plan has been aided by £20 million of lottery money without which the theatre would have had to close, according to Ian Albery, the chief executive.

Last night couples with Thermos flasks queued to say goodbye in the frugal spirit of its founding genius Lillian Bayliss, who started an opera and ballet company "for the masses" there in 1981.

Inside bits of the stage were on sale at £50 paperweights. In the old practice room where Ninette de Valois discovered the schoolgirl Margot

Fonteyn, Alicia Markova's old theatre programmes were on offer for a few pounds to raise funds for the new theatre.

A show bequeathed by the late Tatiana Troyanos to her fellow-singer Kiri Te Kanawa had an £800 price tag. Miyako Yoshida's tutu for the Sleeping Beauty was up for £1,500. It was a jumble sale of performing history.

In the main theatre Godfrey Kanton — an actor with Gleigud in the inaugural 1981 production — led the company in the sad and proud finale.

Sadler's Wells was originally built on the site of a pop-

ular summer visiting place. Two workmen discovered a fresh water spring in the garden of Mr Sadler's Music House in 1683 when digging for gravel, and Sadler's New Tunbridge Wells was born.

Early entertainment included music, dancing, singing, melodrama, pantomime, tumbling and wire-walking. Dr Johnson was impressed by The Learned Pig. The storming of the Bastille was staged six weeks after the event itself, and the Battle of Gibraltar inaugurated the new-fangled water-theatre.

A version of the Magic Flute by Mozart, The Daugh-

ter of the Air, was first performed at Sadler's Wells a decade before the opera was known today was introduced in Britain. The legendary clown Joe Grimaldi made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells aged two and a half.

The theatre was saved from the low reputation by Samuel Phelps, who staged 31 Shakespeare plays during 18 years running the venue. It was saved from roller skating by Miss Bayliss.

Sadler's Wells has played host to many famous companies, but they have all been forced out by the poor conditions. The Royal Ballet was

born when the Sadler's Wells Ballet moved to Covent Garden; the English National Opera came about when the Sadler's Wells Opera moved to the Coliseum.

Star dancers have appeared at Sadler's Wells in recent years, from Michael Clark to Margot Fonteyn, but the theatre is possibly best remembered for the eccentric productions of mime artist Lindsay Kemp.

Before the new Sadler's Wells opens the company will decamp to the Royalty Theatre, Kingsway, to be renamed the Peacock Theatre.

Police say 'road rage' victim did not know killer

Duncan Campbell  
Crime Correspondent

POLICE investigating the M25 murder of Stephen Cameron yesterday dismissed as pure speculation suggestions that Mr Cameron had known his attacker and that the man they want to interview about the killing had once been a police informer.

A spokesman for Kent police said they had been aware of theories that the murder was not the "road rage" killing that had been originally suggested. The police say they have no evidence that the murder was premeditated.

Detective Superintendent Nick Biddiss, who is leading the inquiry, said yesterday that new allegations that the death had been due to an argument over a debt were purely speculative. The police are continuing to sift through thousands of items of information.

Mr Cameron, aged 21, died after being stabbed in the chest on May 19 at the M25/M20 interchange in Kent. His girlfriend, Danielle Cable, 17, saw the attack.

"I have no reason to believe the victim knew the aggressor," Mr Biddiss said. "I am not going to speculate. At this stage, we have named two men we would like to speak to in order to eliminate them from our inquiries."

The two named are

Anthony Francis, and Kenneth Noye, 47, the man jailed for 14 years for leading the proceeds of the Brink's-Mat robbery. The police are still uncertain as to whether Mr Francis is a real person or a criminal alias. He is described as aged 20 to 30, 6ft tall and stocky. He is the owner of a dark blue or grey Land Rover Discovery, registration number L794 YTF. He has not been seen at his address in Bexley, Kent, since May.

Mr Noye also left the country last month and is said to have been in Spain, Cyprus, France and Russia since then. Mr Noye was acquitted of the murder in January 1985 of undercover detective John Fordham. He is alleged to have been a police informer and to have had a corrupt relationship with a detective.

Mr Cameron's family reacted angrily to the claims that he was killed over a debt.

Michael Cameron, 33, his brother, said: "It is absolute rubbish to suggest that Stephen knew who attacked him. He had no connection whatsoever with whoever did it — that is the line we are taking and I know it is the line the police are taking."

He was speaking from his parents' home in Swanley less than two miles from where the murder took place. He said they had seen a newspaper report that their son was murdered over a debt of up to £200,000.

Danes 'try to sink Greenpeace boats'

Paul Brown  
Environment Correspondent

DANISH trawlermen stabbed Greenpeace inflatables with knives on poles and used grappling hooks during a confrontation 25 miles off the Firth of Forth yesterday.

A Greenpeace boat also became entangled in trawl wires and the crew on the inflatable was flipped into the water during an hour-long struggle to prevent the trawlers fishing on the Wee Bankie, an ecologically sensitive area.

Volunteers on the boat the Sirius, have spent seven weeks patrolling the Wee Bankie to try and prevent the trawlers sucking up thousands of tonnes of sand eels for the Danish industrial fisheries. This is the first time the trawlers have decided to fish in the area. The fish are processed and used for fertilizer, animal feed and for the manufacture of cakes and biscuits.

Earlier yesterday one of the British vessels involved in the trade, Omega B, left the area rather than be taken on by Greenpeace. The Danes

took a different view and carried on fishing. The crew of the Sirius lowered an al boom into the water in the path of one vessel, Jamie, and put five swimmers in to the water to hold it in place. The Danes used grappling hooks in an attempt to remove the boom and three other trawlers came to the ship's aid. The crew of one vessel tied knives to the end of poles and stabbed Greenpeace inflatables repeatedly.

The trawl nets were still in use and one inflatable became entangled in the wires, was swamped, and flipped over in the water.

One of the campaigners, Stephen Flothmann, said: "Fortunately the people in the water only suffered bumps and bruises but using knives on poles against inflatables and grappling hooks with swimmers in the water is very dangerous."

The industrial fishery has been condemned by conservationists and the British Government because it takes 40,000 tonnes of sand eels a year. Many birds, particularly puffins, rely on sand eels to feed their young.

Protected whales smuggled into Japan to be served in top restaurants

Paul Brown

PROTECTED whales are being hunted and smuggled to Japan to be served in exclusive restaurants, the International Whaling Commission will be told in Aberdeen today.

DNA testing of whale and dolphin steaks on sale in Japan, submitted to the commission's scientific committee, proves the international ban on hunting endangered species is not being fully observed.

The report will be an embarrassment to Japan and Norway, both of which have domestic laws banning international trade in whale meat. Norway, whose whalers have been caught smuggling 60 tonnes of whale meat to Japan this year, has always claimed

its kill of minke whales was for home consumption. Among the whales Japan has been caught "harvesting" this year is a West Pacific grey whale of which less than 100 are thought to exist.

Scott Baker of Auckland university in New Zealand, bought whale meat on the open market in Japan. He then DNA tested it to see which species it came from.

Among the species were North Atlantic minke, which swim near the British Isles and are only caught officially by Norway, and the Bryde's whale, which comes from the tropics and is supposed to be completely protected.

The IWC is coming under heavy pressure from environmental groups because of its failure to regulate the trade in whale meat. Commercial whaling is growing at about 10 per cent a year.

Vassili Papastavrou, a member of the scientific committee, said: "The problem is that one carcass of a protected species like the blue whale is worth about \$100,000 in Japan."

News in brief

GP's NHS computer deal 'cleared'

THE Department of Health insisted there was "nothing irregular" in the financial arrangements for developing NHS computer systems, after Labour demanded a ministerial inquiry.

Growing criticism of the arrangements has centred on the position of Dr James Read, a former GP who invented a system of coding clinical terms. The system is said to have earned his private company at least \$5 million from the NHS while he is simultaneously head of the NHS centre for coding and classification.

Harriet Harman, shadow health secretary, yesterday called on ministers to take NHS computer development "by the scruff of the neck". But a health department spokeswoman said there was no cause for concern as Dr Read's terms had been the subject of advice by Hambros Bank and his company was paid £75 a year for each GP using his system. — David Brindle.

Second hacker faces charges

ASECOND Briton has been accused of hacking into US military computers, a year after the arrest of a teenager on the same charges, Scotland Yard said last night.

Information technology technician Mathew Bevan, 21, from Cardiff, is to appear before Bow Street magistrates, London, on July 11. Already hailed to appear at the same time is Richard Fryca, 18, a music student, who is said to have been 16 when he allegedly tapped into the US secret systems using a computer in his bedroom in Colindale, north-west London.

Youths lack 'staying power'

YOUTHISM — the opposite of ageism — emerged yesterday in Britain after the owner of a garden shop in the West Midlands advertised for employees over 80.

Graham Payne said he wanted staff of this age because he is dissatisfied with attitudes of local youngsters. He said he had interviewed eight young applicants and appointed two who had left after two days. Mr Payne added: "It seems youngsters in want someone with a bit of staying power."

Nine share Lottery jackpot

NINE ticket holders share this week's £19.4 million rollover jackpot. The amount for each winner, who chose numbers 3, 4, 7, 11, 17 and 40, will be £2,189,561, organisers Camelot said.

Violent fathers 'use child access to abuse ex-partners'

David Brindle, Social Services Correspondent

FATHERS who separate from their families after domestic violence should not be allowed to see their children unless safe contact arrangements can be made, a report today has argued.

The research indicated that men with a history of domes-

tic violence often used contact with their children as a means of continuing to abuse their former partners.

But a men's pressure group says the study, based on 53 cases, should not be regarded as representative. Bruce Liddington, spokesman for Families Need Fathers, said: "We are worried by the suggestion that there should be a presumption of no contact in all

cases where there are allegations of violence."

The research, funded by the Joseph Rowntree and Nuffield foundations, was carried out by social policy specialists at Bristol university and the Roehampton Institute, London. The researchers said they did not attempt to interview the former partners of the 53 women victims for fear of triggering further abuse.

The report, contrasting British practice with that in Denmark, accused some professionals in family law and welfare of allowing fathers' contact rights to take precedence over the safety of women and children.

Domestic Violence and Child Contact in England and Denmark; Policy Press, Grange Road, Bristol BS8 4EA, £11.95.

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Fenland constituency applauds Major for placating Euro sceptics • PM hopes Gardiner will beat deselection vote

Rebels in the Body politic

Peter Hetherington meets Euro-foes

THE tide of Euro-scepticism sweeping through the Conservatives of Boston and Skegness finally engulfed Muriel Halls at the annual meeting of the local Tory association. As the Prime Minister, fresh from Florence, prepared for more battles with Brussels over the imposition of health and safety measures, a shorter working week and reform of a detested common fisheries policy, the retired head teacher could only shudder at the prospects for her beloved party.



Richard Body with constituents at Boston, Lincolnshire, where his stand on Europe has won him wide support

weekend annual meeting, she failed to get re-elected. "I was forced out," she said bluntly. "Not many people take Muriel's line any longer." Confided a party stalwart, delighted that John Major appeared to be standing up for England. "We're fed up with the way Brussels seems to be taking over our lives. If anything, we're stronger on this than many MPs."

fold in February, 15 months after resigning the Tory whip in protest at increased British contributions to the EU. After standing successfully as an "anti Common Market Conservative" during the 1970s, many of his one-time critics — then backing the pro-British Tory line — are now firm supporters.

fisheries policies, which would lead to Britain leaving the EU, say Europhiles. "We really are at a crucial point in our nation's history," insists Sir Richard. "People here are telling me that they originally voted for a free trade area — not this. They feel conned and say they are being taken for a ride."

we should come out — do what's best for England." Outside, in Boston's bustling market, the mood among shoppers and stallholders — some of them Labour voters — appears equally hostile. "We've got to resist federalism at all costs," said Fred Warren, a long-standing Labour voter, behind the plant stall he has occupied for 30 years. "Lots are sceptical."

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Arch Euro-sceptic still ready to quit

Michael White Political Editor



Sir George Gardiner: 'I will fight to the end'

THE Tory Euro-sceptic MP Sir George Gardiner yesterday held to his resignation threat in the face of twin pressures: Reigate constituents demanding his deselection as candidate for the next general election and those who want to keep him but don't want him to trigger a by-election if they lose. Though John Major and his chief whip, Alastair Goodlad, are steering clear of the campaign against the Thatcherite arch-plotter who has been a persistent critic, they will be wanting Sir George to survive Friday night's vote in the Surrey constituency. "It's not in our interests to have people deselected; it just destabilises the parliamentary party," one government business manager said as MPs wrote privately to the constituency urging caution. Another by-election defeat would destroy Mr Major's Commons majority of one.

Sir George still in play." After last month's 15-14 decision — Gardiner supporters claim it was 15-15 — by the Reigate executive to open the selection process to other candidates, the letter concludes: "We believe that re-election now would be a greater disservice to country, government and party than the risk of resignation and by-election." Last night Sir George, who is 81, called the letter ludicrous. He said he would defend his record at Friday meeting and resign as MP on Monday if he failed. "I'm not counting my chickens. My supporters are optimistic, but the day will tell and I will fight to the end."

New dangers ahead for Major

After his beef 'victory', the PM must avoid political traps, writes Michael White

JOHN Major will today start drawing on the last reserves of his authority to see his government through a month-long political minefield which could decide whether his premiership survives until next spring — or whether he risks an election gamble in the autumn.

It's a good deal. The Prime Minister took a stand and it paid off," a cabinet colleague insisted. But Mr Major's hopes of an easy ride from his own side during his post-Florence Commons statement this afternoon will be followed later tonight by a series of votes on the third reading of the Defamation Bill — which could result in a government defeat if some Tory MPs share opposition ill-feel on it.

legged walls of Parliament. The Bill's main purpose, to provide cheaper fast-track access to sue, has widespread support. But MPs will also vote on whether to accept government-backed change to cut the time in which an individual can start a legal action for defamation or libel from three years to one, except in Scotland. Tory MPs will be whipped to support the change.

On pay Tony Blair is suspected of planning to exploit the spectacle of Conservative MPs voting to implement a Top Salaries Review Body (TSRB) report on their own pay early next month. Talk of pay rises of up to 30 per cent for £24,000 a year for backbenchers may be compounded, weekend reports suggest, by rises of up to 40 per cent for ministers whose pay has been spectacularly eroded in recent years.

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MPs and peers visit Harley Street specialist to take testosterone leaf out of Gorman's book

Michael White

POLITICIANS responded yesterday to the latest indignity to befall their profession: the claim by a Harley Street specialist that at least eight MPs and six peers are receiving the male equivalent of hormone replacement therapy. For voters who regard the House of Commons as far too laddish, even without artificial testosterone boosts, the news may go some way towards explaining the Euro 96 character of some sessions of prime minister's question time or the frequency with which Tory MPs fall into sexual adventures.

2,000 men now taking testosterone prescriptions — the kind of performance enhancement banned on the athletics track. Even more unsurprisingly, those high-profile testosterone Tories approached by the newspaper because of past indiscretions denied all knowledge of the medical breakthrough. Jonathan Aitken, Harley Booth and Steven Norris were among those who professed no comment or laughed it off. One MP with an impeccable private life quipped: "If this stuff works I'll order some." Another said: "I have nothing to say; I am returning to the bosom of my family."

She did not mind testosterone being used to stop her colleagues from becoming grumpy old men — as long as it didn't "turn them into young lotharios". That is the big question. Though one doctor was quoted as saying "it will help at elections" — almost certainly a misprint — most MPs know that the cliché about power being an aphrodisiac is precisely that. They work long, unglamorous hours and nowadays are even wary of strong drink. This was not always the case. At the height of Victorian respectability, Lord Palmerston, the prime minister, was in danger of being cited in a paternity suit. His great rival, Disraeli, no testosterone-deprived slouch in his youth, said it should be kept a secret, lest Palmerston, then 80, sweep the country.

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"This", says the guide, waving in the direction of Donatello's David, "is the most beautiful statue in the world". The Prime Minister pauses to consider his reply. "Very pleasant. Oh yes. Very pleasant, indeed". Roy Hattersley Page 8

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# Days numbered for EU's new truce

John Palmer in Florence and Michael White

**B**RITAIN and its European Union partners are resigned to the prospect of further friction, despite the weekend agreement on lifting the beef ban, as both sides do battle over the future of the Union.

The scene was set for continuing antagonism when it was decided at the Florence summit to accelerate preparations for a new treaty on closer political union. Negotiations to revise the Maastricht treaty are now expected to come to a climax in the autumn.

Other points of friction include the expected rejection by the European Court of Justice of a complaint by Britain about a directive setting a

maximum working week of 48 hours.

Ministers are furious at what they see as an attempt by the EU majority to get round Britain's opt-out from the Maastricht social chapter and impose a maximum working week via the back door: using health and safety legislation — where majority voting applies — to enforce a non-safety policy.

The Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, called the EU tactics a disgrace yesterday, and warned that the Government would, if necessary, demand a change in the law at the inter-governmental conference (IGC). But Britain would not defy the court ruling.

Renewed tension over the wider IGC agenda looms.

Aware that progress in drawing up a new treaty — which most EU governments

## Britain is set to fall out with its partners once again as it prepares to fight plans for greater pooling of sovereignty

see as a step to closer union — has been slow, the other 14 leaders, led by President Jacques Chirac of France with the support of the German chancellor, Helmut Kohl, have asked the Irish government to call a special meeting of the heads of government after it assumes the EU presidency on July 1.

It will be held in Dublin, probably on October 18, a week after the Conservative Party conference and coinciding with Sir James Goldsmith's Referendum Party's first conference in Brighton, where potential election candidates will be named.

"The analysis of the issues is at present sufficiently ad-

vanced," the leaders said in their final communiqué after the summit. "The IGC can now turn to seeking balanced solutions to the main political issues raised."

They went on to identify a series of highly controversial reforms, including more majority vote decisions, greater powers for the European Parliament, and the pooling of sovereignty in key areas of foreign, security and defence policy, justice and immigration.

Britain is in a small minority opposing change to the present treaty on almost all those points. Mr Rifkind went out of his way yesterday to distinguish between the en-

thusiasm shown by governments and the suspicion of their electorates, who will ultimately decide.

The Florence summit rubber-stamped progress reports on preparations for monetary union by 1999. To the anger of Tory sceptics, Kenneth Clarke said that Britain might conceive the circumstances in which it joined from the start.

But, with the chancellor's active support, the summit failed to back a plea by the Commission president, Jacques Santer, for an extra £300 million to invest in job creation in the EU's Trans-European Network (TENs) infrastructure projects.

Mr Santer expressed his disappointment and said: "To tolerate the continuing unemployment of so many millions of our people is unacceptable."

Mr Clarke said that key projects lacked neither EU funds nor the prospect of backing from the private sector. Where there were delays, he said, they were with regard to the viability of a scheme.

Britain had powerful allies in the TENs debate, but will not have for the IGC.

Hailing the decision to accelerate the IGC talks, Mr Santer said it was a "political shot in the arm". Mr Kohl was even more up-

beat and claimed that progress towards European political union could now be "going full blast".

John Major also gave the decision a warm welcome, saying that the special summit could help clarify key decisions about what kind of European Union would emerge by the end of the decade.

"The sooner we can actually see the substantial details of what everyone proposes to put in the treaty, the sooner we can get down to genuine debates rather than a shadow boxing," he said.

But he went on to rule out Britain's agreeing to more majority voting, or any "substantial" new powers for the European Parliament — a bottom line issue for many of his backbenchers.

Before leaving Florence Mr Major said he hoped that

there would be no further need to repeat Britain's veto campaign. But warned that he would not hesitate to do so if there was any threat to a "serious British national interest".

As a token of goodwill, Mr Major also agreed on implementing the convention setting up Europol, the embryo European Union police agency. This will allow the European Court to be used to settle Europol-related disputes between all member states except Britain.

Mr Major's recent speeches extolling the virtues of a Europe of "flexible geometry" are being studied closely by other EU governments. Some leaders believe this is the flip side of their desire to be free to move to what the Florence summit communiqué described as "strengthened cooperation" in the future.

## Four winters with wolves and bears

A 'dead' woman has survived. Julian Berger reports from Jajce

**R**AJKO PEJIC was hunting for wild pigs, but kept an eye out for the bears and wolves that flourish in the forests and abandoned villages of the central Bosnian highlands.

The last thing he expected to see was the crouching form of a woman. She rose in terror when he called out to her.

In the dawn light he saw a sinewy dark-skinned woman dressed in rags, who seemed oddly familiar. When she said her name was Zejna Elkaz, he almost fainted.

Ms Elkaz, aged 46, had last been seen more than three years ago running from the scene of a massacre. That was on November 2 1992, the day Bosnian Serb militiamen laid waste to the village of Cvitovici.

Some of the villagers who escaped found their way to refugee camps from where a few, like Mr Pejic, are returning. Ms Elkaz disappeared and after four bitter winters was given up for dead.

Hers is one of the most extraordinary survival stories in a war of brutal extremes. She lived for 44 months among the bears and wolves, eating mushrooms, walnuts and berries, practically hibernating in a shelter made from branches and plastic sheeting.

"Sometimes it would be so cold that when I took off my socks, skin would come off with them," she says, at a friend's house in Jajce, where she is recovering.

She says the wolves and bears never attacked her. "Some of the bears were huge — 200 kilos (440lb) at least — and there were times when they came within one and a half metres of me. But I would bang on a piece of plastic and they would run away."

"I was never scared of them. We learnt to live with one another. The bears would climb up the trees and break off a branch, and then sit on the ground eating the fruit.

But they always left some fruit behind and I think that was for me."

Her fear was reserved for the Chetniks — the Serb fighters. In November 1992 they crowded 11 Cvitovici villagers — Muslims and Croats — into a house and threw a grenade through the open door, killing Ms Elkaz's mother and six others. Ms Elkaz escaped by jumping out of a window.

Her dread was so intense that she refused to believe Mr Pejic when he told her when they met in the forest that the Serbs had been driven out of the area and a peace agreement had been signed.

Ms Elkaz could not understand why, if the Serbs had been driven out last autumn, there were only Croats and no Muslims in town. In her isolation she had heard nothing of the Muslim-Croat war which raged apart central Bosnia for most of 1993.

She talks quietly, occasionally drawing her hand across her face and half turning away in shyness. Her only conversation in the woods was with the birds which she fed dried fruit and nuts.

She is now staying with a former Muslim neighbour, Rifet Mesinovic, who insists that he always believed she would turn up.

"Most people from Cvitovici said she was dead. But there were about 30 per cent of us who felt she had survived. She was always a tough person, a loner. She never married, or had children — just lived with her mother," he said.

The doctor who first examined her, Enes Ribic, a fellow Muslim returnee, was astonished at her quiet determination.

"She is very sharp. She understands everything," he said. "Is she normal? I would say she is a little more normal than the rest of us."

"She is a biological phenomenon. I have looked at the books and found no record of any woman living wild for that length of time."

"There were Japanese soldiers in the Philippine jungle for 20 or 30 years, but that was on the equator. Here in Bosnia, we have winters when the temperature drops to minus 20 degrees."



Bowing out... Archbishop Desmond Tutu welcomes guests outside St George's cathedral, Cape Town, to a farewell service yesterday before his retirement, after keeping apartheid in the world spotlight during years of harsh emergency rule and helping to lead South Africa to democracy. PHOTOGRAPH: GUY TILM

### News in brief

## Hasina takes office as Bangladesh PM

**SHEIKH HASINA**, head of the Awami League and daughter of Bangladesh's murdered independence leader Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, took office yesterday as prime minister.

President Abdur Rahman Biswas administered the oath of office to Sheikh Hasina, 11 ministers and eight state ministers at the presidential palace. Sheikh Hasina took power 21 years after the Awami League was ousted in a military coup in which her parents, three brothers and many relatives were killed.

President Biswas invited Sheikh Hasina to form a government after the Awami League won 146 of the 300 elected seats in parliament in the June 12 general election.

The Bangladesh Nationalist Party (BNP) of the outgoing prime minister, Begum Khaleda Zia, became the principal opposition group with 116 seats, but so far its members have refused to be sworn in, alleging that the vote was rigged in the Awami League's favour.

The 32 deputies of the third-placed Jatiya Party, including their chief, the jailed former president Hossain Mohammad Ershad, took the parliamentary oath yesterday. The retired general, convicted of corruption in 1991, was granted a four-hour parole to attend the swearing-in ceremony. — *Reuter, Dhaka.*

## Mugabe wants aid for land

**THE ZIMBABWEAN** president, Robert Mugabe, has threatened to seize white farmland for resettlement by blacks — without compensation — unless Britain gives his government money for a land acquisition programme.

Britain, the coloniser power until independence in 1980, should help Zimbabwe's programme to resettle blacks on land given to white settlers decades ago, Mr Mugabe told a meeting of his ruling Zanu-PF party at the weekend.

"We do not have the money to buy back the land, which was not paid for in the first place," he said, adding that the Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, had written to him saying their two governments could negotiate an aid worth £30 million to buy the land.

Mr Rifkind had suggested a broad meeting of interested groups, including donor agencies and the World Bank, Mr Mugabe said. — *Reuter, Harare.*

## Salinas bank accounts found

**UNITED STATES** justice department officials investigating the brother of the former Mexican president, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, have found 70 bank accounts containing money allegedly gained through bribes, according to a US television news show.

The accounts in seven countries turned up during a check on transactions involving Raul Salinas de Gortari's money with Citibank and other US banks. Mexican officials told the CBS show 60 minutes that the accounts could hold more than \$300 million.

The justice department wants to establish whether US laws were broken when Raul Salinas transferred millions of dollars from Mexico through New York to Switzerland. He is in jail in Mexico and has been charged with having acquired vast sums of money from unexplained sources. — *AP, New York.*

## Pope beatifies brave priests

**PREACHING** yesterday in the Olympic stadium Hitler built, the Pope beatified two martyred priests who opposed Nazism.

Tens of thousands lined Berlin's streets to the Pontiff. The pope's sermon to a congregation of 50,000 dropped from the prepared text a defence of Pius XII, who was pope during the years of Nazi oppression and has been criticised as not doing enough to save Jews. — *AP, Berlin.*



Immaculate contraception: Protector in giant condom

## African ark sells off its surplus

David Beresford sees big game hunters and a biblical zoo quest achieve their aims

**T**HE giraffe may or may not be mentioned in the Bible. But the director of the Biblical Zoo in Jerusalem looked ecstatic, sitting in a tent on an African hillside, as his bid of £3,000 made him the proud owner of eight of them.

Shai Doron is trying to acquire all the animals mentioned in the Old Testament, a crusade that took him to one of the world's biggest game auctions in the Hluhluwe-Umfolozi Reserve at the weekend.

More than 200 buyers and spectators crowded into a marquee at the South African

can reserve to watch dealers bid more than £1 million for wild animals to stock zoos, safari parks and game ranches, and to provide targets for big game hunters.

Those with an eye for a bargain could snap up springbok for little more than £50 each, zebra for £220, wildebeest (gnus) for about £250 and the king of the antelope, the huge kudu, for a mere £190.

But rhino were the centre of attention. The Umfolozi, famous for effectively rescuing the white rhino from extinction, offered 133 for

sale on Saturday at an average of \$8,700.

Potential buyers were given pamphlets offering tips on looking after the creature on a country estate. Ideally, it said, they should have a suitable variety of grasses, and owners were reminded to engage gamekeepers "to reduce the threat of poaching".

Rhino horns are the stuff of poachers' dreams. Currently they fetch about £25,000 a pound in Hong Kong and Beijing, where they are prized for their legendary aphrodisiac qualities.

But the macho fantasies of Westerners also contribute to the rhino's value. The top-selling white rhino, with a 24-inch horn, went for £13,000 to a game rancher who is expected to sell it as a trophy to an American hunter, making a large profit by allowing him to shoot the animal on his land.

Once the rhino is "bagged", the horn is carefully removed and the head is chopped off and left next to an anthill to be picked clean. The skull is then covered with plastic skin and the horn re-attached so that the trophy can be mounted on the wall of a hunter as evidence of his adventures in Africa.

Buying rhino, however, is not without its risks. An insurance salesman behind a desk in the marquee was offering cover on the animals in transit for 30 per cent of the purchase price — a premium based on an estimate of the number that shatter their horns en route to their new homes.

The most valuable animals on sale have a more secure future than the white rhinos. Six of the smaller, more aggressive, black rhino — an endangered species and as such unavailable for hunting or export — were sold to a private game reserve in the Transvaal for £138,000.

But Mr Doron was not interested. He bought two rhino at the auction last year. He was not sure whether the giraffe met his biblical criteria, but he noted: "You must have giraffes in a zoo".

In fact, the eight giraffe were something of an embarrassment of riches for Mr Doron, because his zoo only has room for six. Eventually he sold one to a South African reserve and gave the other to the Hluhluwe-Umfolozi park as a gesture to conservation. He tried to sell the two surplus males to the Saudi Arabian representative, but he only wanted a pair for mating.

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Fergal Keane

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# Leap of faith takes athlete to the Games - at 82

MARGARET Bergmann was waiting for the postman on the porch of her parent's home when the letter came. Two weeks after she had equalled the German high jump record, it informed her coldly that she had not made the national team for the Munich Olympics.

"Looking back on your recent performances, you could not possibly be expected to be chosen for the team," it continued. But the young woman knew the decision had nothing to do with her athletic performance. She could not compete at Adolf Hitler's show-piece games because she was Jewish.

"I exploded with every profanity I knew," recalls Margaret Bergmann Lambert, now 82. "And then, all of a sudden, I had this tremendous relief."

If I had gone to the games, I knew I could only lose. If I won, it would have been a slap in the face to Hitler. If I lost, I would have let all the Jewish people down.

Though she dominated the American women's high jumping scene after moving to the United States in 1937, she never got the chance to compete in an Olympics. "I have stayed with me all these years. Every time the Olympics come around, I feel a little depressed and angry and I wonder if my life would have been easier as an Olympic winner."

Now the German Olympic committee hopes to make up for a little of the wrong done to her by inviting Mrs Lambert to be its guest of honour at the Atlanta Games next month.

Margaret Bergmann was a talented 19-year-old high school athlete when Hitler came to power in 1933. Within a year, Jews were banned from public places and Miss Bergmann's athletic club in the southern town of Ulm informed her that she was no longer welcome.

The University of Berlin withdrew its offer of a place "until this thing blew over". Miss Bergmann fled to London, winning the women's high jump title at the British athletic championships the following year. In 1935 her father travelled to Britain to tell her that the Nazis wanted her to compete for a place in the German Olympic team.

She was reluctant to return for the trials. She knew the Nazis would not allow a successful Jewish athlete to undermine their propaganda, and wanted to create the impression of fairness in selecting their team.



Margaret Bergmann Lambert, who will attend the Atlanta Games as guest of the German Olympic Committee, recalls: 'My parents thought I was a freak because I loved sports so much. I mean, a nice Jewish girl. They wanted me to learn to sew and cook. Which, by the way, I learned too.' Above, at her home in Queens and, right, in her prime in the 1930s.



Report: Ian Katz  
Main photograph: Vic Delucia

But her father made it clear to her that her family could be punished if she did not try for the team, and she returned. While her fellow potential Olympians were given the finest facilities available, she was banned from training with them and forced to prepare for the trials in a Jews-only stadium.

When she was eventually allowed to compete in the South German championships, however, she jumped better than ever before. "I knew these people didn't want me to win. I got madder and madder and jumped higher and higher."

When the bar was raised to 5ft 3in, a height equal to the German record, she cleared it with inches to spare. But when it was raised once more, she could barely lift herself off the ground. "I really think that something in my brain told me I should not do this. I think I knew subconsciously that bad things would happen."

She has no memory of the 1936 Munich Games — "I think I just blocked it out of my head" — though the woman's high jump event was won by a Hungarian, Ibolya Csak, with a leap of 5ft 3in.

Working in menial jobs after she moved to New York in 1937, Miss Bergmann nurtured hopes of competing in a future Olympics.

She won the US high jump titles in 1937 and 1938, but she never secured them as much as the medal "with a nice swastika" that proved "I had beaten the master race".

When the war broke out, she gave up athletics. "Hitler killed me three times: once in 1935, then in 1940 by starting the war and then again in 1944 when there was no Olympics. After that I had a family and no more time."

The Germans exacted a far more terrible toll on her life. Most of her husband's family were killed in concentration camps, along with her grandparents.

## News in brief

### Liberals back Yeltsin

Russia's main liberal movement Yabloko said yesterday that it backed President Boris Yeltsin in next month's election but stuck to its demand that he should take steps to end the war in Chechnya.

A Yabloko congress in Gollitsino, near Moscow, decided that it was necessary to support Mr Yeltsin in the second round runoff against the Communist Party leader, Gennady Zyuganov, Iar-Tass news agency said. — Reuter.

### Body identified

A mutilated corpse found on a beach in Uruguay last year is that of Eugenio Berrío, a former secret police agent under the regime of the Chilean dictator General Augusto Pinochet, a judge confirmed yesterday. — AP.

### China snub riposte

Germany said it regretted China's decision to cancel a visit by the foreign minister, Klaus Kinkel, in protest at parliamentary criticism of Beijing, but a spokesman

### Aid for land

The Zimbabwean president, Robert Mugabe, threatened at the weekend to seize white farmland for resettlement by blacks — without compensation — unless Britain gives his government money for a land acquisition programme. — Reuter.

### OJ fund-raiser

A group which works to combat racial prejudice has accepted O. J. Simpson's offer to hold a black-tie fund-raiser on Thursday at his Brentwood estate. — AP.

### Offbeat police

China's ministry of public security wants tipsy police to stay off the beat, the Legal Daily said. — Reuter.

### Drug money 'trick'

President Ernesto Pérez Baldrade of Panama said that he was unaware that a \$51,000 (£38,000) contribution to his presidential campaign came from an accused Cali cartel drug baron. — Reuter.

## Automated ship makes waves in the Pentagon

A remote-controlled missile carrier which needs no crew is being developed in the US. John Mintz in Washington reports

PENTAGON officials are designing a new class of ship which some believe could revolutionise maritime warfare within the next five years.

Called an arsenal ship, it is essentially a floating missile platform operated by remote control, with 500 missile tubes capable of firing at targets on land, in the sky or at sea.

The highly automated vessel will need only a few dozen sailors, or perhaps no crew at all, a radical departure from today's carriers with 5,500 crew.

Its missiles will be launched by commanders — possibly in another military service — who may be hundreds of miles away.

Many of their colleagues fear that it will be so much cheaper to build and run than other ships, and its military punch so devastating, that it will endanger their weapons budgets and turf. Army officials are uneasy that the arsenal ship will reduce the need for their ground-based missile defence and artillery weapons, such as the Patriot missile.

It may also threaten long-term funding for navy and air force long-range bombers because its missiles will have a longer range than planes, said Andrew Krepinovich, director of the Centre for Strategic and Budgetary Assessments, a defence think tank.

Some submarine officers suggest that the navy should scrap the project and fit retired Los Angeles attack or Trident missile subs with extra missile tubes instead.

The new ship's most passionate defender is the marine corps, which thinks the vessel's punching power barrages could protect troops in amphibious landings. This reasoning helped Adm Boorda to push the concept aggressively.

In an era of tight budgets and overseas base closures, the navy is seeking cheap ways to extend American military power to the world's most far-flung regions.

In an effort to reduce development costs, the navy is asking bidders to draw up designs based on bare outlines of the ship's expected capabilities. Contractors normally receive precise specifications.

The navy traditionally opposed the automation of ships because it wanted large crews around to repair damage.

To make the arsenal ship "virtually unsinkable" it will have a double hull and will ride low in the water to make it difficult to detect by radar. It will be protected by cruisers and destroyers.

## Netanyahu told to keep to terms of negotiations

# Arabs warn Israel of price of peace

David Hirst in Cairo

ARAB leaders ended their two-day summit yesterday with a warning to the new rightwing government that they will "reconsider" concessions made in the name of the peace process if Israel backtracks on land-for-peace, the principle on which the process has been based.

That the first summit in six years took place at all and then passed off without serious disputes was a considerable success for the Egyptian president, Hosni Mubarak, and his ally, the Syrian president, Hafez Assad.

Apart from Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, who accused everyone of letting everyone else down, the most discordant note was struck, as expected, by King Hussein, the Jordanian monarch, who said the right to protect the forces of evil and terrorism that seek to achieve their aims under the guise of religion or ideology, he told the conference.

"Cross-border terrorism must be fought through condemnation, pursuit or liquidation, wherever its dens may be."

While doubtless intended as music to the ears of Israel and the United States, his words were also an implicit attack on Syria's President Hafez Assad, his alleged disloyalty to Jordan and his support for Hizbullah in south Lebanon.

In a gesture to Mr Assad which cannot have pleased King Hussein, the conference

expressed its concern at the Turkish-Israeli military agreement and asked Turkey to reconsider it.

In a gesture to the Gulf states, embarrassing Iran's ally Syria, the conference invited Iran to "respect the territorial integrity" of Bahrain and "end its occupation" of the Emirates islands of Abu Musa and the two Tumbas.

In his opening address, Mr Mubarak set the conciliatory tone of the summit, saying: "We are not warmongers and we reject violence."

But in an implicit denunciation of the hardline programme of the new Israeli prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, and such preconditions as his refusal to withdraw from the Golan, he said: "If any party allows itself to

choose what to negotiate and what not, then other parties have the same right, which brings the peace process to zero, or totally destroys it."

In their final communiqué, the heads of state reiterated that a "just and comprehensive" peace remained the Arabs' "strategic choice". But this required "a firm, unequivocal, reciprocal engagement from Israel".

Recalling the 1981 Madrid conference and the principle of land for peace which it enshrined, they said: "Any deviation by Israel from the commitments, obligations or agreements entered into ... Or any procrastination of their implementation would compromise the peace process."

"That would, they said, bring dangers and threats liable to revive tension in the region." It would also "oblige the Arab states to reconsider steps they have taken towards Israel in the peace process". "Israel would then bear the sole responsibility."

This was the closest the conference came to suggesting that Arab states might stop or reverse the process of "normalisation" some have engaged in. This was called for by Syria, critical of what it sees as the Arab rush to forge political and economic ties with Israel.

Jordan, meanwhile, insisted that normalisation should continue regardless of any setback to the peace process: this was the way to encourage Israel to move at all.

Egypt and Saudi Arabia halted out any formal call for a halt to normalisation. Syria was ready to accept such moderation as the price of restored Arab solidarity — though in what measure, and for how long, remains to be seen.

His statement, which did not go into detail, added: "The peace process must be conducted without pre-conditions. Peace negotiations must be conditioned on security for all peoples of the region."

Colombia prides itself on having one of the most stable democracies in Latin America. Political groups are free to associate, demonstrations are permitted and anyone can set up a political party. But to do so outside of the two traditional parties is tantamount to a death sentence.

Between 1988 and 1995 more than 20,000 Colombians were killed in political violence — by guerrillas, paramilitaries or by the army. During the 17-year dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet, the lack of opposition has been highlighted by a political scandal in which seven MPs, the attorney-general, a former defence minister and several public officials, have been jailed because of their links to drug traffickers.

Last week congress absolved the president Ernesto Samper of any blame for the fact that millions of dollars from the Cali drug cartel spilled into his 1994 election campaign fund.

In any other country the opposition would have established a strong lead in the polls in such circumstances. Here a lame Conservative Party candidate, many of its members bought off with old-fashioned pork-barrel offerings.

"There are no ideologies to defend, but rather personal appetites to protect," said Augusto Galán, whose brother Luis Carlos, a reformist liberal, was assassinated in 1989.

Civic leaders, trade unionists and peasant organisers are among those murdered because they challenged traditional politics.

The Patriotic Union (UP) has been virtually destroyed since it was set up in 1985, with two presidential candidates, six MPs and 3,000 local politicians killed. The UP won 350,000 votes and 14 seats in its first election in 1986. It now has two MPs.

The party was set up by the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia leaving guerrilla group when it began

## Deathly silence of the opposition

Colombia boasts of its democracy, while its critics are eliminated, writes Mary Matheson

As soon as they laid down their arms, however, many members were assassinated. The guerrillas returned to armed struggle.

The party has remained as an umbrella group for communists, social movements and peasant organisations. Its activists are picked off by suspected paramilitaries — death squads set up by regional power brokers.

Hired teenagers killed national leaders like Bernardo Jaramillo of the UP and Carlos Pizarro, the leader of the former M-19 guerrillas. They knew that if they died themselves their families would be financially supported.

Luis Carlos Galán was among those silenced for attempting to reform the establishment from within. Galán proposed a crackdown on the cocaine cartels. He was shot dead in 1989 and the Medellín drug cartel was blamed. But the case was reopened last year and state intelligence

services and politicians have been implicated.

When those behind the murders are caught, they are rarely punished. In August 1991 soldiers raided the house of a UP activist, Antonio Palacios, killing him, his three children and a son-in-law.

The army claimed that it had killed five guerrillas in a gun battle, but forensic evidence showed that the victims were shot through the head while lying face down. None of the soldiers was convicted.

Ms Avella claimed that her attackers were paramilitaries backed by the army commander, General Harold Bedoya. Gen Bedoya denied the accusation, and says he will sue her for slander.

Four leftwing guerrillas who were part of a rebel plot to assassinate President Samper have been arrested in Bogotá, the military authorities said on Saturday. The two men and two women were caught with a large cache of weapons, they said.

When the people behind the killing are caught, they are rarely punished

Two hours made 19 years difference to the life of Johnny Holman, a burglar and drug user who employed 11 aliases in a criminal career going back to 1970.

Now aged 52, he would have died in prison under California's "three strikes and you're out" law, which prescribed a sentence of 25 years to life for any criminal convicted of a third offence.

The prosecution demanded 29 years when Holman faced Judge Gregory O'Brien in Los Angeles.

But just before the hearing began, Judge O'Brien heard that the state supreme court had handed down a decision that would deal with his reluctance to sentence Holman to life for possessing six small chunks of rock cocaine.

Two hours after the ruling had been released, Judge O'Brien passed sentence, telling Holman: "You're too old to be doing this sort of thing."

Taking into account his guilty plea, and that his last robbery conviction had been 11 years earlier, he jailed him for 10 years. With good behaviour he may be on parole after six.

Holman, an African-American from the South Central ghetto area of Los Angeles, had first criminal conviction when he was 17. The state supreme court's decision to return sentencing discretion to judges, many of whom disliked the mandatory "three strikes law", which was approved by 72 per cent of California's voters in a 1994 plebiscite.

Conservative politicians, outraged at the ruling, spent the weekend planning moves to restore the law, this week if possible.

Judges may decide to allow judges some sentencing discretion, or simply return to the mandate.

But many people now realise that the law had unintended consequences, as well as jailing for life such trifling offenders as a man who stole a pizza.

Meanwhile 582 lawyers in the Los Angeles public defender's office are suggesting to offenders that they should appeal. Had he been in court two hours earlier, Holman would have been one of them.

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Handling Labour's boom

Will it be unwise to stop it?

KENNETH CLARKE must be getting seriously worried that he is setting up a boom which will be enjoyed not by the Conservatives but by Tony Blair's first administration. What was intended as a pre-election boom to keep the Conservatives in office may turn out to be a post-electoral one which will bequeath to a subsequent Labour administration its first taste of economic management.

On top of that, the medicine we were forced to take earlier (in the form of annual tax increases) to bring the budget deficit down hasn't worked either. Instead of contracting sharply, the Government's borrowing requirement is overshooting its target thereby cramping the chancellor's scope for a pre-election cut of 1p in the pound in November.

There will almost certainly be an economic upswing in the UK during the next 12 months, but what is not clear is whether it will be soon enough or strong enough to revive the Government's flagging fortunes. The feel-good factor is difficult to measure but there is another back-of-envelope indicator - popular in the United States - which chronicles a sort of feel-good factor. The so-called "misery index" simply adds together the current rate of inflation (2.2 per cent in the UK) and the current rate of unemployment (7.7 per cent).

Meanwhile, the first economic problem an incoming Labour administration is likely to face is whether to cool down an incipient boom or whether to let it rip on the grounds that inflation is cowed and there is plenty of spare capacity in the economy. On present evidence Labour will inherit a very sustainable mini-boom which previous incoming Labour administrations (all of which inherited crisis situations) would have died for.

Pride and prejudice

Football must banish base nationalism

GERMANY beat Croatia 2-1 in the European Championship yesterday thereby setting the scene for a dramatic midweek semi-final with England. At its highest this will be a glorious celebration of football between two sides for whom familiarity has bred a fierce mutual respect. At worst the run-up to Wednesday will provide an opportunity for the shameful side of the national psyche to erupt in an excess of xenophobia, fanned by newspapers' compulsion to outdo each other.

No one suggests that Wednesday's game should be other than a fierce fight to the finish. Given the history of recent encounters - including Britain's World Cup win over West Germany in 1966 and the penalty shootout that sent England home from the World Cup in 1990 - it could hardly be otherwise. But sporting events don't have to generate trench warfare between rival spectators - and football has most to answer for.



Letters to the Editor

A big thanks to Eurosceptics

JOHN Palmer claims that Britain's veto tactics will trigger a tougher stance against such practice at the IGC (EU acts to prevent beef tactics repeat, June 22). The irony is the contribution which Conservative Euroscepticism has repeatedly made towards strengthening the European Union.

When Mrs Thatcher was demanding "her money back" she vetoed an agricultural settlement to put pressure in favour of her budgetary claims. In response, other EU members used a qualified majority vote to overrule her. Since then, majority votes have been exercised much more frequently.

At the 1985 Milan summit, she objected to the proposal to convene an inter-governmental conference which ultimately led to the Single European Act. In the face of her opposition the issue was put to a vote which overruled her.

Her Bruges speech galvanised our partners to moving towards economic, monetary and political union, which resulted in the Maastricht treaty. Mr Major's tactics will almost certainly lead to the limitation of the use of the veto and the speeding-up of negotiations for a new treaty on closer political union.

Those of us who favour progress towards a full political union have much to thank the Conservative Government's counter-productive tactics for. Ernest Wistrich, 37b Gayton Road, London NW3 1UB.

Endpiece

Roy Hattersley

HAVE spent much of the weekend trying to convince myself that the Prime Minister has really been to Florence. Newspapers insisted that the dead duck had landed. But I find it difficult to believe that John Major was really in the city where the Renaissance was born. I just cannot imagine him cool beneath the columns of Santo Spirito or breathless in his attempts to see more of the Uffizi than is possible in one day.

Post strike, post hopes

FOR THE first time in my life, at the age of 44, I find myself on strike. As an employee of Royal Mail I am caught up in a dispute which, whoever wins, offers me little encouragement for the future.

If the employer gets his way, I am likely to see diminishing job security, an increasing workload, and a steady trend towards performance-related pay; if the union wins out, I am told I will see the business unable to compete in an ever more ruthless marketplace with the eventual consequence of job losses and all the things the employer was demanding in the first place.

This no-win situation arises because, as employees, we can only keep our jobs if we regard the customer as king. We must provide what the customer requires at a price the customer can afford. No customers means no jobs. Therefore, the economy can

only function successfully if we give our allegiance to the sovereignty of the consumer. The paradox here lies in the fact that we, the producers, are also consumers. Otherwise, no jobs. Producers are of secondary importance and should be regarded as expendable if this helps the consumer to get what they want.

There is something about this consumer-driven definition of ourselves that is disturbing. There is a general perception that social values are being undermined by market forces. The market has provided us with an abundance of nice things to buy. But even if you've got the money, it's never enough. Something is missing.

A consumer-led society is one which has lost its dignity. Buying things is a no more dignified activity than blowing your nose. It may be fun to go shopping but it is hardly the kind of activity which can provide a basis for mutual

respect. As we have seen, the more likely consequences are envy, resentment and violence. It is the workplace which provides the social matrix not the shopping mall or the stock exchange. To restore our dignity and sense of worth we should regard ourselves first as producers, as contributors rather than takers. It is at work where we should first enjoy the chance to achieve some level of personal fulfilment while, at the same time, taking pride in subscribing to the well-being and pleasure of others.

Perhaps the Royal Mail could take a lead by valuing its workforce a little more by doing all it can to safeguard its staff in secure and meaningful employment. It might not make so much profit but it might make the world a slightly better place to live in.

Alan Wakefield, 61 Kingston Road, Southville, Bristol BS3 1DS.

Why men will still pick up the divorce bill

THE Family Law Bill is a long way off from perfecting a number of fundamental issues which address counselling and pensions.

Acknowledging that over 70 per cent of divorces are initiated by women, and that physical violence, cruelty and adultery are sometimes factors in the breakdown of marriages, there are a great many incidences of women simply dumping their husbands on the basis of contrived petitions of unreasonable behaviour before having decent recourse to counselling.

I believe a solicitor should not be able to commence divorce proceedings, given that in a particular case counselling is a reasonable first step, until a bona-fide recognised agency is able to certify that the marriage is beyond reconciliation.

The structuring and financing of recognised counselling facilities are in need of examination. For many people, especially for those whose marriage is in difficulties because of financial problems, the cost of counselling can, in spite of what is at stake, be daunting. Related, for example, even requests a fee from people simply for a mere 30 minutes.

to explain how its service operates. The clause insisted by on feminism-driven Labour relating to pensions should not become an automatic right. If it is, it will be unfairly weighted in favour of women. There are instances - adultery, cruelty and violence of a physical nature committed by men - where reasonable grounds exist for the husband's pension rights to be affected. Yet what about battered husbands? In these cases, it is wrong for the husband's pension rights to be affected. B E Oakley, 12 Woodland View, Abbeydale Road South, Dore, Sheffield S17 3LA.

LORD MACKAY'S comment that the new divorce bill will "save savable marriages with mediation" is confusing. Mediation of family issues should be concerned with arrangements for the children when the parents have decided to split up. If the marriage is "savable", ie no decision has been made to split up, mediation is inappropriate. Mark Sadler, 61 Woodland View, Abbeydale Road South, Dore, Sheffield S17 3LA.



A new war in the high street

SABEL Hilton (Oh what a lovely war against drugs, June 19) is right to point to the contradictions in the US policy against the drugs trade. The danger, however, is that with ever-increasing production, the European Union will see the need to militarise its own drug prevention aid to deter more far-reaching production, where most of the raw ingredients are grown. Given the human rights abuses and protests (chaired by Amnesty International in its 1996 report) against Bolivian coca growers, such forced eradication is likely to have a destabilising effect upon these societies.

This also highlights an often forgotten aspect of the drugs trade - that it's not just the drug barons and pushers who make a living out of it. The major beneficiaries are among the poorest of the world's

peasant farmers. The production of coca leaf or opium poppies provides a lifeline in a time of decreasing primary product value. If growing fruit or chocolate won't put food on the table, then growing drugs, a great export crop, often will. There is also the case of demand. If the public want it there is a market waiting to be supplied.

Perhaps we should be looking closer to home with our drug prevention policies and encouraging our high street supermarkets and agrifinancial multinationals to pay more for their cheap products. Rob Angove, 121 Evering Road, London N16 7BU.

We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of letters. We may edit them; shorter ones are more likely to appear.

Sleaze talk

BRUCE Gynell (Television 'B' is stinking into sleaze', June 20), fails to mention the lack of training doctors receive in psychosexual problems. Most of the 200 letters received each week by The Good Sex Guide, on which I've been the doctor for the last six months, should have been dealt with by GPs. Over 80 per cent come from men.

Suicide is now the second greatest cause of death in young men. Sexually transmitted diseases are on the increase. Testicular cancer still kills around 120 men each year, prostate cancer kills a further 10,000. One in 12 women develop breast cancer.

All of these subjects are regularly discussed on The Good Sex Guide. As a GP, I welcome this debate on issues which directly affect the lives of my four children. The most direct impact usually happens when a young person contracts HIV through ignorance. I can live with ill-considered and naive utterances from people who do not have to care for the shattered bodies and minds produced through ignorance. This is the real violence against our children.

lan Banks, Trustee, BMA Aids Foundation, 40 Grove Road, Spa, County Down.

A Country Diary

THE LAKE DISTRICT: After the increasing stinkiness of the paths on Pillar and the Scells it was even pleasant to be treading the trackless tussocks of Seastallan, far from the tourist heights. And the previous day, to be able to walk at ease, along the top of the Screes on peaty turf with the blue depths of Wastwater nearly 2,000 feet below our boots. We were enjoying a week at Wasdale Head, the heart of the sanctuary where, 65 years ago, I climbed with some of the pioneers of the sport and, in the hotel, then the headquarters of English climbing, set at 10,000 feet. Much has changed. The hotel entrance hall is no longer crowded with ropes, ice-axes and nailed boots, brightly reeking of dubbin, and the clients is not the same. But the hills, except for the stony, eroded tracks, remained unchanged - sparkling, sunlit and welcoming most mornings, turning to sombre purple in the evenings. One hot day, from Hollow Stones, I watched

climbers tackling the exposed moves on Botterill's Slab and Moss Gill Grooves and greatly envied them their fitness and competence. Another day, high above Black Sail on the Pillar ridge, I met friends from these old days walking across half of Lakeland to get fit for Switzerland and later another friend struggling up the lead in the heat with a heavy load of water as sustenance for some record attempt. By the Seastallan cairn we were joined by a couple who thought they had passed the summit an hour earlier. And, in the bar, the postman from Devon, used to walking, talking up prodigious mileages in the heat. All week there were striking colour pictures everywhere - rock summits against the sky or small mountain tarns - but the best picture came on the morning we left - Wastwater, bright and clear as a looking-glass in the water, the image as clear as the crystal.

A HARRY GRIFFIN

What Major missed about Machievelli

Endpiece

Roy Hattersley

HAVE spent much of the weekend trying to convince myself that the Prime Minister has really been to Florence. Newspapers insisted that the dead duck had landed. But I find it difficult to believe that John Major was really in the city where the Renaissance was born. I just cannot imagine him cool beneath the columns of Santo Spirito or breathless in his attempts to see more of the Uffizi than is possible in one day.

that, in some circumstances, political assassination may be a better option. But it is thought better not to explain the moral, which is illustrated by that noble head. I doubt if any of the other galleries would suit him much better. Ammannati's Leda And The Swan went back to basics in a remarkably original way.

We know how his predecessor would have behaved. She would have paused in front of Primavera and explained, for the benefit of assembled reporters, where Botticelli had gone wrong. Then Bernard Ingham would have shepherded the photographers into Santa Croce so that Margaret Thatcher could describe Giotto's mistakes of colour and composition. But I cannot visualise John Major treading the paving stones which the Medici once wore smooth. Perhaps his caution was wise. For newspapers have developed the habit of exposing politicians who assert public values which they do not respect at home. Major got it wrong, let John Major get away with the pretence that he knows his Arno from his elbow. He might just escape.

For there is at least one double standard which is never exorcised - the profession of Christian belief to bind with a total lack of charity. The obvious example is Ann Widdecombe.

The thought of Ms Widdecombe comes unwelcome to mine because, on Friday evening radio, I heard her explaining that it was heartless civil servants, not her compassionate self, who had caused Albert Tong to be dragged "kicking and screaming" from a Pentance Methodist chapel shortly before he suffered what the local hospital feared was a heart attack. I do not suggest that Ms Widdecombe - one of the few converts to Catholicism to make baptism a photo opportunity - was bearing false witness. My complaint is that she behaved like a foolish virgin. She either knew, or should have known, that Mr Tong's arrest was - whether she was told the details or not - carried out at her behest. How many other indefensible immigration decisions has she attempted to defend? The police and officials who sanctioned the raid on Mr Tong's

sanctuary believed that they were doing what she, and others like her in the Government, expected them to do. Failed ministers often pretend that they were betrayed and sabotaged by their permanent officials. In fact, the Civil Service is usually pathetically anxious to remake itself in the image of its Government.

Which is usually what happened in my ministerial experience were not the result of advisers and administrators arguing too much. The catastrophe usually occurred when they argued too little, because they wanted to tell their masters what their masters wanted to hear. The immigration department of the Home Office is a reflection of what goes on inside Ms Widdecombe's head. Clearly, it has the duty of implementing new and increasingly draconian laws. But it also has to interpret the way in which legislation is applied. The interpretation is brutal because, when the subjective decision is made, it is taken for granted that brutality is what the Government expects. Ministers set the tone. And

who can doubt that the current tone of immigration and asylum policy is a morally discordant determination to keep as many out as possible. I may be sacrificing Labour votes by saying so, but during 17 years in opposition, it is not just the regulations which I have seen change. Gradually, year by year, the attitude towards marginal cases has also altered.

There was a time when I thought that I might convince entry clearance officers that they had made a mistake - that the woman they were turning back was a genuine visitor or that the man they had locked up had a real condition for the woman he planned to marry. But not now. When I speak to them, whoever answers the telephone, the voice I hear is Ann Widdecombe, or just as bad, Michael Howard.

It is not only immigration policy in which the rule of malign ministerial influence applies. Over the years, all the committees and commissions which take decisions and hear appeals about welfare payments have grown increasingly fearless in their refusal to provide the basic necessi-

ties of life. Ministers are insulated by statute from decisions to refuse help to families in desperate need. Indeed, Peter Lilley has a standard letter by which he explains that individual decisions about cold and hungry families are no longer his business. I receive and read one every week. But I never believe it. Not only is he the only true beguiler of the regulations, he is the man, by speeches and statements, makes clear that he expects them to be applied with a parsimony that civilised people ought to find shameful.

No doubt the Government regards his conduct as vote-winning prudence. Perhaps, ready thinking that somehow this makes it right that John Major should have spent 48 hours in the city which was home to Machievelli. But that belief, did not believe that power and principle are incompatible. "How praiseworthy it is for a prince to keep his word and live by integrity, not deceit". All of which adds to my conviction that Florence and the Prime Minister just do not go together.





1550

Paris Diary Paul Webster

If the England football team does happen to meet and beat France in the Euro 96 final next Sunday, some lazy and embittered sub-editor will dig out the cliché headline 'On coup de Trafalgar. This not only refers to Nelson's victory, but amounts to an implicit accusation that perfidious Albion had again pulled off an underhand trick by going for a win rather than just participating Conberth-style.

Over the centuries, right down to the destruction of a French battle fleet at Mers el Kébir in 1940, La Royale Marine de guerre — has lost more ships to the Royal Navy than to any other floating opposition. You would think it was something to forget, but times are changing and in the spirit of that untranslatable phrase, *stratégie*, Horatio Hornblower and Richard Bolitho and Jack Aubrey have suddenly become local heroes.

In the past five years or so, all of CS Forester's Hornblower stories have been released here, closely followed by Alexander Kent's Bolitho saga. This summer, Patrick O'Brian's Aubrey will take on the French and his paperback rivals in a best-seller bid by Presses de la Cité, starting with *Master and Commander*, translated as *Maître à Bord*.

Admits of Napoleonic war stories may wonder why the French are literary nationalists. When Forester does not edge towards xenophobia, he allies his heroic sailor to reactionary causes like the anti-republican revolt in the Vendée. Bolitho, a great agoniser about bloody careers, evades his 74 around like a frigate while the opposing capitaine de vaisseau is still shaking out his mizzen.

The fact that Aubrey, with his erudite Irish surgeon, Stephen Maturin, is the most sympathetic of the three British captains hardly lessens the impression that the French are maritime aunt sallies who, in the language of sails, can hardly tell their grand peroguet from their petit foc.

Curiously, a more striking scuttling job has just been done by a French naval historian, Daniel Dessert, in a book called *La Royale* which leaves little doubt that the French, whose bid for maritime power was inspired by Louis XIV, were at a disadvantage in design, organisation and seamanship from the conception of La Royale in the last quarter of the 17th century.

READING Dessert, it is tempting to load the blame on the architect of centralised militarism, Jean-Baptiste Colbert, who, to paraphrase the author, was so mean that he saw the navy purely as an accounting problem even though the deficit in battle terms was enormous. Under Louis XIV, France lost 63 ships in fleet actions to five for the Royal Navy. Between 1744 and Trafalgar, the score in England's favour was 78-5. This crushing and resolute superiority, sometimes amounting to arrogant ridicule, is the stuff of the Forester, Kent and O'Brian odysseys, but in none of the reviews I have read is there a note of nationalistic resentment. Renaud Bombard, who edits O'Brian, said the key to the books' popularity and to French reader tolerance was the passing of time. "Perhaps 25 or 30 years ago these defeats were still a touchy subject, but now they are just ingredients in excellent historical novels," he said.

O'Brian is the best placed to leave an objective and accurate trail with his 17 Aubrey-Maturin novels, as he is an Irishman exiled in France and has invented characters that transcend the broadside-to-broadside days of war literature. Because he is 82, this is late recognition, but there is still a battle to be fought if the French are to be press-ganged into total comprehension.

Icebergs and rocks of the 'good' lie

Commentary Mark Lawson

THE Government has lied, and I am glad. The nature of this latest untruth was the state's public information campaign about Aids, which began in 1987. This was based on the suggestion that HIV infection and Aids — which had first emerged and were still almost wholly concentrated among homosexuals — represented a significant threat to heterosexuals. The message about Aids was an early precursor of the one now applied to the Lottery — It Could Be You — but it is now argued that, for a heterosexual, the odds were about the same.

The latest figures show that, of the 12,568 people who have developed Aids in Britain, 161 were heterosexuals whose only admitted risk factor was vaginal intercourse with a "safe" partner. Jamie Taylor, of the charity Gay Men Fighting Aids, claimed on Radio 4 last week that the gay community had deliberately pursued an all-comers policy because they knew that public funds and media interest would not be forthcoming

for a virus targeting a controversial minority. The Daily Mail and the Sunday Times — which have argued that the Aids risk was exaggerated — now make two principal charges: that an atmosphere of political correctness led to the waste of £1.5 billion of government money on futile advertising and that — more gravely — homosexuals have died or become ill because of the failure to advise them of specific risk.

Well, let's begin with political correctness. Although it is quite true that Aids has become an ideological fashion accessory in some quarters — for example, at Academy Award ceremonies — the Thatcher administration of 1987 seems to me a most unlikely hot-bed of PC attitudes. In fact, the main reason that the first campaigns implied a general threat was not political correctness but prudence: the Advertising Standards Authority would not have tolerated detailed explanation of what could be inserted and omitted where, hence all the pretty obscurity with icebergs and rocks. The incident — now part of Whitehall folklore — in which Norman Fowler, then Health Secretary, reportedly asked a civil servant, "What actually is oral sex?" and sat gobsmacked through the answer, testified to the sense of a Government which had bitten off more than it could chew.

And caution is the best response to uncertainty. It seems very odd that the very qualities of the original Government health campaign to Aids — rapid, over-cautious, exaggerating the threat until the medical evidence was in — are precisely those which have been held to be lacking from the same Government's response to the risk from BSE-infected beef.

Perhaps, also, the current food scare has given the rest of us a sense of what it must have been like to be a homosexual in the early 80s, when Aids first emerged: the knowledge that a single routine act in the past may have condemned you to a horrible death. Imagine the beef scare in a world where vegetarians were in the majority and beef-burgers thought morally repulsive and you can quite understand why doctors and gay leaders made the tactical decisions they did.

The reactions in some papers this week merely vindicate the tactic. For all the careful talk of how the advertising campaign should have been targeted where it "might have done some good", there is an unpleasant undertone of suggestion that, as Aids "only" kills gay, it doesn't really count and that the disease was some kind of con or chimera. Yet there have been around 200,000 deaths in America. Most tangibly, the creative histories of Hollywood and Broadway were twisted out of shape by the young extinction of so much talent. What I find most

bizarre is the allegation that the Health Department's inclusion of heterosexuals in the risk has somehow convinced gay men that Aids is really a straight disease. Whatever they were saying publicly, young homosexuals understood the true odds from looking at their diaries packed with funerals, while their heterosexual peers saw only the burial of ancient aunts. Similarly, beef consumption will continue in this country until CJD funerals become commonplace. If there is evidence to suggest that young gay men are less aware of the risks than the previous generation, this is not the fault of government advertising but because the success in promoting safe sex practices in recent years has reduced the sense of fear on the gay scene.

It is clear, though, that heterosexuals have come to fear Aids. Coincidentally, the Sunday Telegraph yesterday published a long feature about the attitude of women to contraception following that more recent health/sexual behaviour scare: the one concerning the risks of the contraceptive pill. The testimony of the younger women was intriguingly consistent.

"Ellen, 36", has, since the "height of the Aids scare", relied on "bags full of free condoms" from the Brook Advisory Centre. "Lucy, 28" is between relationships but, when one commences, she would "use condoms to begin with and then probably have an Aids test" before considering less stringent barrier methods. "Judy, 25" records, during one relationship, becoming "increasingly paranoid about Aids and insisting we used condoms". The Sunday Telegraph, rather commendably, does not make the point that its leading right-wing rivals presumably would: that these poor heterosexual women

have been duped and deceived by Her Majesty's Government. They should — according to the logic of the Mail and Sunday Times — be shagging away quite happily, for the great headline virus has no interest in them.

Yet this is the biggest irony of all. For whatever motivation — and despite the exaggerations and inaccuracies of activity elsewhere — the British Government spent a huge amount of money in the late 80s encouraging reflection and discrimination in the area of sexual behaviour, warning that sex was not a safe activity, comparable between Nintendo and discos but an event with the most profound potential consequences. Not since the heyday of the Catholic convent school had children been so humbly instructed in the causal link between sex and terror.

If that campaign was politically correct, then the politics in question were those of the right. The emanation of such propaganda from the Government is the exact opposite of the permissive attitude of the 60s which they so despised — should have been the wet-dream of those people now describing it as "one of the great scandals of our time". And the homosexual community can be glad that the social victimisation and bigotry which would have resulted from the perception of a gay plague has been diluted and those who were teenagers in the last ten years — and their parents — can be cheered that at least some pregnancies and venereal diseases were prevented by the more often by men. Equal Opportunities legislation is a mess.

Some argue that no law is needed nowadays because women no longer face discrimination. This is foolishness. Men still dominate management and political and industrial life. Mothers returning to work often face discrimination when they try to reduce hours or job share. Sexual harassment of women is still commonplace when women enter traditionally male work. However, this discrimination now takes place against a backdrop of both sexes feeling threatened and insecure. There is no longer any consensus that women suffer from structural discrimination.

Recent cases show how chaotic Equal Opportunities legislation has become in this new economic reality. In February this year, police Sergeant Lee White won a sex discrimination case. He had been accused by a woman police officer of making derogatory remarks and her complaint was upheld by the Metropolitan Police. He was fined and transferred to another police station. Later, he claimed the quality of his life had deteriorated. An industrial tribunal agreed that he had suffered from sex discrimination because he was transferred rather than his accuser, without having been given an equal opportunity to put his case. He won substantial damages.

Just as problematic as these counter claims are the more direct political challenges. Leicester County Council is currently locked in battle with "the Equality Squad", a group of men who are challenging the library's decision to hold women-only sessions for Muslim girls. Of course,

Happy birthday — now sort yourself out



Ros Coward

THE Equal Opportunities Commission is 20 years old, and this afternoon releases an annual report, which, although under strict embargo, is published as a "celebration" of the "progress" and "achievements" of the last 20 years. But is there anything to celebrate? The EOC has got nothing to be smug about. The slow march of progress looks more like a quick descent into chaos. Tribunals, set up to provide simple remedies, are bogged down in arguments of the most arcane legal complexity. Women are often scared off by such games. The legislation originally set up to level the playing field for women is now being used more often by men. Equal Opportunities legislation is a mess.

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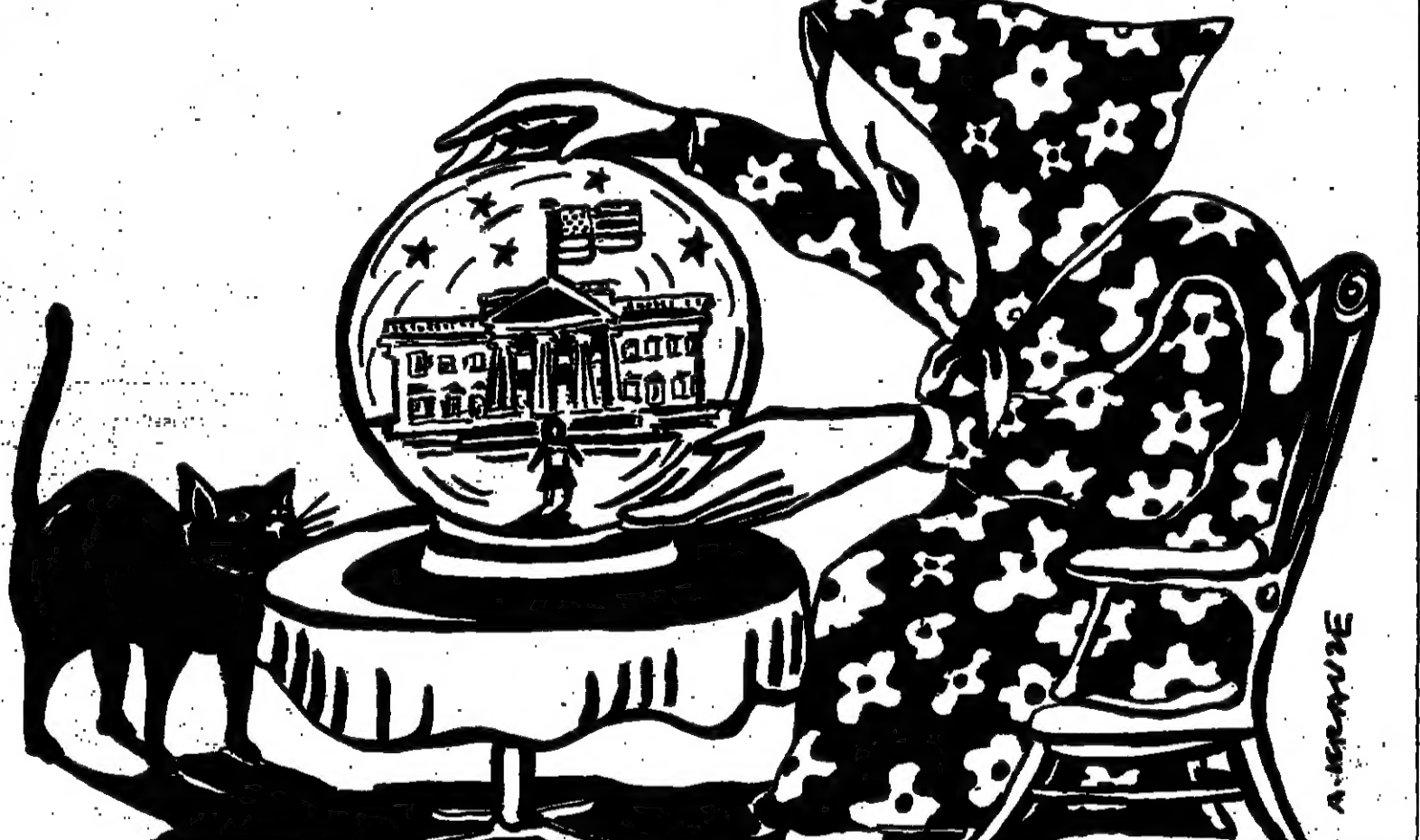
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not all men's cases aim at undermining the protection which sex discrimination legislation was supposed to give. Recent judgments around men's rights to free prescriptions and pensions contribute to greater equality. Men also have a case about the profound discrimination which they experience in the caring professions. But it is not a pretty sight when discrimination legislation is used against the already disadvantaged. Not is it uncommon. Challenges have been levelled at the RAC's all-women's safety classes and all-women swimming sessions.

The line has always been thin between creating opportunities and positive discrimination, but technically positive discrimination is illegal in the UK. In the past, positive encouragement for women would have gone unchallenged. Now legislation which set up to equal things out for women is increasingly perceived as advantaging a minority where similar protection is not afforded to men. In this context, the Labour party's naive support for illegal all-women's lists was astonishing. It fed into the Labour's decision to embark on American-style positive discrimination programmes, just when America itself is in deep reaction against them. Europe too is witnessing a backlash. Last autumn, Bremen city council was told its positive-discrimination employment practices contravened the EU equal-treatment directive.

SEPARATE European legislation adds considerably to our own confusion. UK courts can refer to any of the many different forms of European law which set the legal framework around sex discrimination — through directives, treaties, codes of practice or resolutions. The implications can be considerable. Recently, a transsexual has successfully used European directives on "equal treatment" in a way that makes it probable that the UK Sex Discrimination Act may now apply to all sexual minorities. The EOC itself admits the need to simplify the situation under one new Equal Treatment Law. This does not go far enough. Even if laws were simplified, the fundamental question remains: which groups — if any — need additional protection in our changing economy? This can't be answered without a full and thorough investigation into what is happening in the economy and how sex discrimination intersects with that — something which the Equal Opportunities Commission shows no sign of initiating. Instead they trundle on with a ragbag of chaotic legislation.

Surely, instead of birthday parties, now is the time for some sort of enquiry into the role of the EOC itself.



First Lady of cock-up

Whitewater cover-ups, White House seances: Hillary Clinton is such a disaster she could unwittingly help her husband, argues Jonathan Freedland

HILLARY CLINTON was in the White House cinema on Saturday night, taking an early look at an acid-dropping mystic who sounds like a cross between Boris Spinks and Rasputin. Administration officials are shocked by this latest discovery about their First Lady. Few thought it possible that she could be stupid enough to conduct a seance in the White House solarium, in the presence of aides. One of them was bound to spill the beans, and now they have.

It's a shock because since 1992 it has become compulsory — on the right as well as the left — to describe Mrs Clinton as smart, high-powered and tightly self-disciplined. As such she has become a symbol of accomplished women in the world over, a human experiment in which all women have a stake. If she is accepted, goes the reasoning, then the door is open to others like her — women like Cherie Booth, for example. If she is not, then they are not. But this is bad reasoning based on a false premise: for Hillary Clinton is not smart. Whatever her skills as a lawyer — however booksmart, in US argot — she is inept as a politician. She is weak exactly where her husband is strong, in the prime art of politics: the ability to understand how an action will be perceived before taking it. Think back to the 1992 campaign. Hillary Clinton managed to alienate

millions of women by disparaging full-time motherhood as staying at home "baking cookies all day". Maybe, by meant as a critique of the life of a political spouse, but it was offensive.

Once in the White House, her lack of acumen has been astounding — and costly. She was entrusted with the flagship of Bill Clinton's agenda — health care reform — and she ran it aground, paving the way for the Republican landslide of 1994. She did it by behaving like a Soviet commissar, gathering policy planners in secret and designing a government bureaucracy so complex it looked like a circuit-board. Her husband, who understands both the importance of simplicity in politics and the American revulsion to Big Government, would never have sired such a turkey himself.

In 1993, senior White House counsellor David Gergen suggested handing over all Whitewater documentation to the Washington Post and the New York Times. That way they could boast total openness, and hope to ride out any ensuing storms in time to kill the story long before the 1996 Election. President Clinton thought it was a great idea. Guess who vetoed the plan? The First Lady argued that Whitewater was none of the press's business and she prevailed. The outcome was 14 months of senate hearings, a special prosecutor, a raft of indictments and a guarantee that the scandal will now cast a pall over the entire campaign.

White House lawyer Vince Foster hours after his 1993 suicide, apparently to remove any embarrassing papers. Didn't she realise what would look like? Didn't she know — after an apprenticeship on the congressional committee that probed Whitewater — that it's always the cover-up that gets you in the end?

It got worse. Mrs Clinton conveniently lost key billing records — sought by investigators for more than two years — only to find them again in the White House private residence, once the statute of limitations had passed. That could yet result in an indictment for obstruction of justice. Hillary Clinton's fingerprints were on those records and they're all over every scandal that has buffeted the Clinton presidency. There are now hearings on why the White House was snooping through more than 400 FBI files on leading Republican opponents.

No one's suggested — yet — that Clinton read them, but the accused men are drawn from her circle. THROUGH it all, she has acted like a lawyer, not a politician — saying the least she can get away with, rather than coming clean. This is what makes Hillary Clinton's constant invocations of (and incantations to) Eleanor Roosevelt so irritating. Mrs Roosevelt was attacked for progressive positions on poverty, not because she once lawyered for fraudsters and then stashed the documents which proved it in her bedroom. The comparison is yet further off the mark because — unlike her supposed role model — Hillary Clinton has

really pursued no public agenda since the headline debate, other than uttering platitudes. She has been busy in public, "her role" rather than her own, on with it. She has presided over the succession of her husband (30 at the last count) and much about this has been the First Lady's special interest, time looking at the rail-trail, and not enough looking out the window.

But this may not be the best of Hillary Clinton. She has to change her role in the Whitewater scandal, head to one position: Hillary Clinton. That means she should be her husband's biggest ally. By focusing on her, they take the heat off him. Especially since there is nothing she can do about her. The president can't sack her, Congress can't impeach her and the electorate can't vote against her. If Whitewater ultimately reduces to a scandal exclusively about Hillary Clinton, it could be the scintilla that goes nowhere.

Some Arkansas veterans wonder if this is deliberate, a kind of Good Cop/Bad Cop game the Clintons have played before. She becomes the villain, and we like him more. Even if it is not so calculated, the travails of Hillary Clinton are not the "war on all women" some Democrats have alleged. Admittedly, there are plenty of sexists who believe Hillary Clinton simply because she is a woman with power. But most Americans were ready to give her a chance. By her self-indulgence, arrogance and incompetence she has blown that chance. And now millions of women — and her husband — could pay the price.

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Andreas Papandreou



Prime time Papandreou... the Greek leader addressing a meeting in Salonika during the 1985 elections

PHOTOGRAPH: DON MCPHEE

# Greek myth and earthly powers

**A**NDREAS Papandreou, who died at the age of 77, was one of Greece's most complex politicians and personalities. The socialist leader, three times a prime minister, will be remembered as the man who legitimised the left after a brutal civil war — though he did it in a way that often exasperated Greece's western allies.

His legacy was founded as much on his love for the unpredictable — in 1989, at the start of his battle against heart disease, he married an air hostess 36 years his junior — as it was on his determination to hold on to power even in the face of death.

Not even Papandreou's greatest admirers could believe his seemingly superhuman ability to survive the health problems that brought him to the brink of death a number of times in recent years. His discharge, in March, from the Onassis Heart Hospital where he spent four months on a life support system, was met with widespread astonishment.

Because power ended up being his life-force, the charismatic politician only reluctantly agreed to make way for a successor last January. But, nursed by his headstrong wife Dimitra "Mimi" Liani, he died resolutely refusing to surrender the powerful post as leader of his Panhellenic Socialist (Pasek) party.

From the moment he returned to Greece in 1969 after years living in the United States as an academic, to his meteoric rise to power in 1981, Papandreou courted controversy.

What mattered most to the leader was his mission to introduce socialism to his homeland after decades of right-wing rule following the defeat of communist insurgents by British and American-backed nationalists in the 1946-49 civil war. The electoral victories of Pasok in 1982, 1985 and 1989 demonstrated, beyond doubt, that his project had succeeded. In Papandreou, the vast strata of underprivileged, newly-

urbanised Greeks at last found a champion. But the mission required the former economics professor to change his policies and persona at a rate that surprised even his most staunch supporters. The Pasok "father" will go down in Greek history as a crucial post-war democratic leader, but posterity may not look as kindly on his many contradictions or his machievellian characteristics which were the origin of the Papandreou myth.

As the strong man of Greek politics he seemed able to weather any number of storms. But surreal scandal also struck to the socialist's record of handling power. In 1990, Papandreou became Greece's only civilian leader to be accused of serious wrongdoing because of his role in the notorious multi-million dollar embezzlement at the Bank of Crete. In January 1992, he was acquitted of the charges by a single vote at a special tribunal set up to hear the case — which he snubbed from day one — and less than two years later he was re-elected as "Papandreou, O Sideraios" (the Iron Man).

He was an arch populist — Greeks always referred to him as "Andreas" — and no other politician's name had ever become a household word: it was a source of great pride to Papandreou. But by the time of his death after 30

years dominating Greek politics, there were few who knew, or could tell, the real Papandreou.

Only in his last years did the man behind the masks begin to exhibit a real emotion although, ironically, it was only through the weakness he displayed with Mimi, his third and last wife.

A philanderer all his life, Papandreou was 68 when he fell for the Olympic Airways stewardess as she served him drinks on an official trip to China in 1967. Two years later — in a move that, again, confirmed his love for the controversial — he married the tow-ering blonde, despite national condemnation of the couple's highly public affair. Few at the time believed he would get away with it. The marriage stunned voters, coming so soon after open-heart surgery in 1988 and the well-publicised rupture with his former wife, Margaret Chant, an American who still lives in Athens with their four children. But, ever the master-strategist, the visibly frail Papandreou anticipated correctly that, in one of Europe's most macho societies, the marriage would be a vote-winner. It simply highlighted his precient sense of timing and shrewdness, and his justified reputation as the eternal "come-back man".

Yet, having changed the political landscape of Greece, his end was not illustrious.

During his last months in office he was felt to have improperly surrendered himself to Mimi, the "dream woman" who soon became his chief of staff. The man who won the affection of the Greek working classes by eschewing crass materialism during his tenure of office was known to have spent well over a million pounds on his new wife's luxurious pink home.

In reality, privilege was nothing new to a man born the son of George Papandreou, a liberal politician who led the Centre Union party before serving as prime minister. But Andreas took pains to hide his bon vivant tendencies. Born on the island of Chios, he was educated at Athens College, the country's most prestigious school, along with Greece's elite. Unlike his peers, he kept out of the limelight in Greece — and set sail, aged 20, for the US after a brief spell in prison for his opposition to the right-wing Metaxas dictatorship. Later he would proudly recall how he landed in New York almost penniless, like thousands of other Greek immigrants. He spent most of the money on a haircut.

Having gained a doctorate in economics at Harvard and served during the war as a non-combatant in the US navy, he took US citizenship. He met Margaret, his second wife, in a dentist's waiting room, and dedicated his next two decades solely to academic life. The climax of his career was his appointment as chairman of the economics department at the University of California, Berkeley.

He was a mainstream liberal American citizen and campaigned for Adlai Stevenson in the 1952 presidential election won by Eisenhower. He was considering a political career in the US but, in early middle age, he took the path that catapulted him from relative obscurity to national, later, international fame by returning to Greece. In 1959, Constantine Karamanlis, leader of the right, found Andreas (at the request of his father) a job heading the newly-established Centre for

Economic Research in Athens. The younger Papandreou was initially hesitant about settling in Greece, but soon threw himself into the hurly-burly of domestic politics.

On gaining power in 1964, George made his son a cabinet minister, though he said Andreas was the last person he would ever want to see lead the country. During his childhood and for much of his youth, Papandreou had a notorious bad relationship with his father — who deserted Andreas's mother for a famous Greek actress when the boy was 10. However, once he entered politics himself, Papandreou became obsessed

with the help, ironically, of powerful friends in Washington, who included the economist John K Galbraith. For the seven years that the Colonels were in power, Papandreou became immersed in frantic anti-junta activity in Sweden and Canada while resuming his life as a university academic.

It didn't matter that he spoke Greek with a foreign intonation or that his background was a favoured one, exiled compatriots rushed to join his resistance group, the Panhellenic Liberation Movement (P.A.L.). The group, which also boasted personalities like the late actress Melina Mercouri, spearheaded the international propaganda campaign against the Colonels, smuggling arms and communications equipment, often against the greatest odds, to freedom fighters in Greece. It was this activity that soon (and usefully) led to the birth of the Andreas Papandreou myth.

Returning to Greece on the collapse of the Colonels' regime in 1974, alongside Karamanlis, the country's new centre-right prime minister, Papandreou set about creating Pasok out of P.A.K. For most of the electorate, expecting him to relaunch the Centre Union, it was the first surprise in a political career that would be proverbial for its unpredictability.

Inspired loosely by Marxist ideas, Pasok offered a catch-all ideology. Well-organised, especially in the countryside, it offered a home to a disparate group of hardline left-wingers who had never found shelter in the KKE, Greece's ultra-orthodox communist party, and liberals.

Indeed, it was on the slogan of "allaqi" or change that Pasok swept to power after another seven years. From winning only 13.6 per cent of the vote in 1974, Pasok went on to a landslide victory in 1981 with over 48 per cent and 172 seats in the 300-member parliament.

For the first time, the vast army of defeated civil war left-wingers and villagers who

had flocked to the cities after the second world war, at least half the population, who had long feared the watchful eye of Greece's right-wing governments — got a place in the sun, the symbol Papandreou astutely gave his party. On winning power, Papandreou redefined himself, dropping his academic profile for that of a leather-jacketed populist hero who drank as fast as he danced, although the haughty air was always maintained in his dealings with Pasok cadres.

By abandoning the elaborate prose of his predecessors and creating a new political language — heavily influenced by Hemingway and Chandler, his favourite Anglo-Saxon authors — he emerged as a fiery orator with an unrivalled ability to rouse crowds from the balcony. Spouting his populist cant, Papandreou won rapid support by tapping into the "underdog" psychology that was part of the Greek tradition because of geography and centuries of Ottoman rule. Declaring that "Greece belonged to the Greeks" he played on traditional anti-western sentiment, and tainted the country's allies with threats to pull the country out of the European Community and Nato, and dismantle the few American bases on Greek soil.

Within the west, the harangues met with widespread dismay. But home audiences felt Greece had long been the victim of foreign interference and warmed to the nationalist rhetoric — which dominated the socialist's hardline approach to Greek-Turkish relations and, more lately, Macedonia.

During his first term in office, Papandreou set about redeeming his pre-election pledges. He transformed the country, established a social welfare service, including a Greek national health system (with generous support from EU funds), promoted women's rights by introducing one of Europe's most progressive family laws, and boosted the infrastructure in the countryside. But his second adminis-

tration was mired by strikes, scandals and setbacks in local elections.

Radically tempering the rhetoric of his early days, he abandoned his past populism and, under pressure from Brussels, implemented tough economic stabilisation measures in a bid to tackle mammoth budget deficits caused largely by his own free-spending ways. Although opponents now castigated the policies as Thatcherite, the socialists were popular for another electoral victory in 1989 when the scandal at the Bank of Crete broke. The furor, with Papandreou accused of masterminding a plan to remove millions from state deposits lodged at the bank, marked the lowest point of his political career.

His ignominious defeat at the polls was followed by three years in the political wilderness. His health was waning, and few believed he could make a political comeback. But, with the outgoing New Democracy party racked by inner dissent over its handling of the highly charged Macedonia imbroglio, Papandreou defied expectation — cruising to victory in October 1993. Never, it seemed, was triumph won with less effort.

"After the political vendetta that was waged against me in 1989, this is my ultimate vindication," he said.

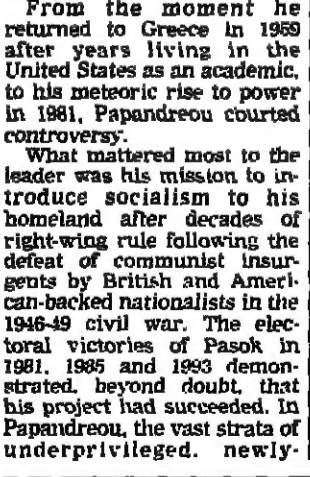
His re-election, for a third term in 12 years, was made sweeter by the fact that it was gained over his long-standing rival, the outgoing Prime Minister Constantine Mitsotakis. Their feud went back to the mid-1960s when Mitsotakis deserted the ruling Centre Union party, triggering the government's downfall. Papandreou was always obsessed with revenge for this betrayal, which he felt had kept him in the Colonel's coup in 1967. He returned to office as a fully-fledged social democrat and a leader seeking consensus, not least with his western allies.

During his last term, Greece had cast off its reputation as the EU's wilful *enfant terrible* despite frequent differences over Balkan politics. But the euphoria surrounding his spectacular comeback soon subsided as his health worsened. Throughout his career, Papandreou ruthlessly dispensed with colleagues who had either fallen out of favour or seemed not up to the job. In his first term there were 17 cabinet reshuffles. But his vanity made him incapable of delegating power when that was most needed. His stubborn refusal to appoint a successor was the spark that ignited fierce infighting amongst socialists. Pasok, his spiritual child, had virtually collapsed by the time he was rushed to hospital.

Andreas Papandreou never had many personal friends, but as a leader he always inspired enormous warmth and admiration amongst his colleagues. Only months before his death, and echoing the sentiment of several of his ministers, one cabinet member declared he was quite prepared to give up his life for him. "Papandreou is a legend, in that he stands somewhere between us and the gods. He has done more for this country than anyone else. I would easily die for him," the minister intoned, without a hint of sarcasm.

What a maverick leader never managed to do was revamp Greece's byzantine public administration or eradicate corruption at the top of society and the all-consuming patronage system. Because he made more promises than he could ever keep, it is debatable whether Papandreou should be categorised as the last of the dinosaurs — as the Greeks have long called their geriatric rulers — or the first of the country's modernisers. What promises he did honour, however, changed the face of Greece. Even his enemies — and he had many — would concede that his death concludes a vibrant political era.

**Helena Smith**  
Andreas George Papandreou, politician, born February 5, 1919; died June 23, 1995



Goodbye again... Papandreou with his wife Dimitra

Ray Lindwall

# Role model of fast modern cricket

**R**AY LINDWALL, who has died aged 74, was a heroic figure from the golden ages. Very arguably, he was also the greatest of all Australian fast bowlers, and one of the pioneering figures of the modern game.

Lindwall found fame on the 1948 tour of England — Don Bradman's last — when he was the chief offensive weapon in Australia's 4-0 triumph. England, still struggling after the war, were hopelessly outclassed. But, in contrast to recent defeats by similar margins, the series is remembered for the magnificence of Australia's cricket, not English incompetence.

As captain, Bradman used Lindwall sparingly. And Lindwall used his ferociously fast and well-directed bouncer — bumper as it was

usually called in those days — sparingly too. But the bowling, when he was not bowing, came back into the attack, and then the possibility, when he was bowling, that at any moment he might unleash a rip-snorting short-pitched ball at the batsman's head, dictated the terms of the trade. Lindwall injured six batsmen that summer; England had no one who could possibly retaliate.

This was the beginning of modern Test cricket, in which Lindwall is a role model. In 1932-33 England had gone too far, when Harold Larwood's bumper, bowled to the "Bodyline" field, had constituted the thrust of the attack. When MCC came to their senses, this was rejected as a dangerous distortion of the game and the 1830s were dominated

by men like Bradman, Walter Hammond and Len Hutton, who built up massive scores on friendly pitches.

It was Lindwall who restored the balance between bat and ball, bowling in a manner that was mainly and thrilling but within the accepted bounds of fair play. That paved the way for England's great fast bowlers, Triesman and Statham, and the long list of Australian and West Indian pacemen who have set the standard for the past three decades.

Ray Lindwall was a Sydney boy and watched Larwood during the Bodyline series. He played with other kids on patches of green and in the streets, choosing — it is said — the street down which the great leg-spinner Bill O'Reilly walked home in the hope of catching his eye. At the St

George's Club, he came under the wing of O'Reilly, who used the novel technique of photography to help the lad correct his faults.

There were quite a lot of these and, as a youngster, Lindwall's batting was more compelling than his bowling; at 15 he made a century and double-century in different matches on the same day. And even after the war he flirted with the old no-ball laws by "dragging" his back foot before releasing the ball.

But he was a smart learner and a dedicated practiser; during the war, when he was in the South Pacific and suffered horribly from either malaria or something very like it, he marked out his run-up between the palm trees and got his bowling into a beautiful groove. Halfway through the home 1946-47

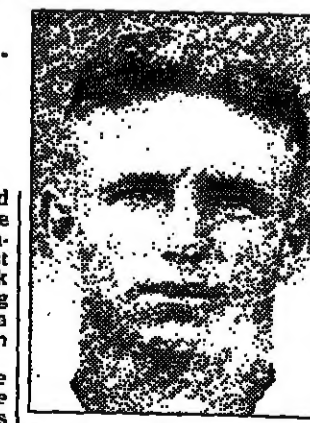
series against England he and Keith Miller emerged as the undisputed leaders of Australia's attack. In the final Test at Sydney, Lindwall took seven for 63, and after taking seven for 38 against India a year later came to England an established star.

He was injured during the First Test of 1948 but in three of the subsequent four he was devastating. Though his bumper was so feared, 43 of his 88 victims on the tour were bowled. He had a clever slower ball (good for modern one-day cricket) and, though his arm was too low to satisfy the sternest purists, he was close to being the complete fast bowler.

Sir Pelham Warner once exclaimed "Poetry!" and Lindwall, watching himself on film, discovered that all the effort and pain failed to

transmit itself to anyone else. "I don't look tired," he murmured with surprise.

Lindwall played Test cricket for more than another decade and toured England again in 1953 and 1956 when the balance of power had tilted and England had the quickest bowlers. His shock effect declined but, like his eventual heir Dennis Lillee, he compensated by his canni-



Ray Lindwall... all-rounder

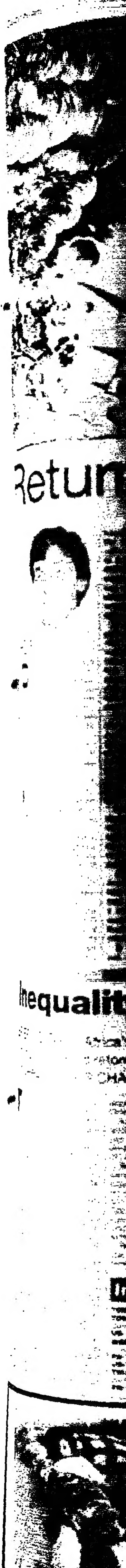
ness, mastery of technique, and utter determination. Jack Fingleton said Lindwall never liked bowling much, and always preferred batting (he made two Test centuries), but he was opening Australia's attack as late as December 1959, when he was 38.

He was not a flamboyant character like Miller, who was in London last week regarding down what he regards as over-technical bullsh\*t as forcefully as ever. Cardus rated Lindwall alongside Ted McDonald as "the most hostile and artistic fast bowlers I have ever seen"; but he preferred to write about Miller, who was better copy.

Lindwall was a quieter man. He was a phenomenal all-round sportsman; he could easily have been a rugby league international and he ran 100 yards in 10.6 seconds. But when he retired he ran a florist's shop in the centre of Brisbane, a gentle counterpoint to his earlier life.

**Matthew Engel**  
Ray Lindwall, cricketer, born October 3, 1921; died June 22, 1996

**Birthdays**  
Jeff Beck, blues and rock guitarist, 52; Quentin Bell, public relations consultant, 52; Lord Braine, former Conservative MP and Leader of the House, 52; Claude Chabrol, film director, 52; Robin Cutler, director-general, Forestry Commission, 62; Garfield Davies, general secretary, Usdaw, 61; Anita Desai, novelist, 49; William Gaskill, theatre director, 55; Prof Sir Fred Hoyle, astronomer and science fiction writer, 81; Betty Jackson, fashion designer, 49; John McCormick, controller of BBC Scotland, 52; Prof John Postgate, microbiologist, 74; Robert Reich, US Labour Secretary, 50; Betty Stove, tennis player, 51; Gary Weller, Conservative MP, 51; Mary Wesley, writer, 84; Gerald Williams, tennis commentator, 67.





# Cautionary tale of Thatcher's 1980s disaster

WORLDVIEW/The 364 economists may have been pilloried for protest but they were on right track, says EDWARD BALLS

REMEMBER the 364 economists? They signed a letter to the Times in March 1981 to protest at the Conservative government's monetarist Budget which raised taxes while the economy was still believed to be in recession. It takes the economic statistics soon revealed that the recovery was already underway and the economists were pilloried for many years. The reality is somewhat different. For the 364 economists need not have been denying the need to bring the Budget deficit under control. In fact, a tighter fiscal policy was almost certainly the right policy for investment and exports. The monetarist mistake was to combine tax increases with high interest rates, so allowing a high exchange rate to wreak havoc across large swathes of British industry — a disastrous error from which the British economy has still to recover.

This cautionary tale of Mrs Thatcher's economic experiment of the early 1980s is vividly told in the tables and graphs of an article in the recent OECD Outlook. The OECD is very keen, for good reasons, that governments cut their budget deficits. But it is worried that they will do so for fear that cutting deficits will prove deflationary. So it demonstrates that there is no evidence that fiscal consolidation leads uniformly to low economic growth. If anything, the charts show that countries which cut their budget deficits have tended to grow faster rather than slower.

What is fascinating, however, is the questions the OECD does not ask and the facts it does not explain. Why have countries like Italy or Britain failed to bring their deficits under control? Why was the UK such an outlier in the early 1980s, with the growth record of all the 15 episodes the OECD studied?

The problem is that the OECD does not try to disentangle why fiscal deficits became a problem in the first place. Fiscal deficits are often symptoms of deeper economic imbalances. Most countries facing large budget deficits also have high inflation and large current account deficits — a tall-tale sign that the exchange rate is over-valued.

Look at Britain at the end of the 1980s. The reason why the fiscal deficit grew so large was the recession. The reason for the recession was high interest rates. The reason for

## British economy has still to recover from monetarist error of 1979-1982

to reflate the economy. For, as Ken Coates and Wynne Godley recently wrote in the Cambridge Economic Policy Review the following year: "Reflation may check industrial decline but it will not put the process into reverse." So rebalancing macroeconomic policy, combining a tighter fiscal policy with a looser monetary policy, is necessary for bringing the fiscal deficit under control and reviving investment-led growth, as the current US recovery is demonstrating. But it is not enough. Since 1982, the Conservatives have raised taxes dramatically, the exchange rate has fallen 20 per cent, interest rates have been cut by five percentage points, but investment remains stagnant, export growth has been sluggish, the trade deficit has grown — and the UK still has a large structural budget deficit. Macroeconomic policy cannot, alone, reverse years of neglect of our industrial and skills base.



# Return of the feudal barons



Larry Elliott

PUBLISHERS simply adore the millennium. Barely a week goes by without the appearance of a new tome chock-full of Nostradamus-style insights into what life will be like in the 21st century. We would probably be ready for a vision, whatever the date. After the dry monetarist preaching of the eighties, the nineties are awash with uncertainty and anxiety. Truly, this is the Age of Insecurity, and that jars with everything we have been led to believe. The modern West has been built on the idea of progress. For the past two centuries, each generation has taken it for granted that technology will become more sophisticated and that living standards will inexorably rise. As far as the leaders of the West are concerned, this still holds true. When the Group of Seven (G7) nations ends its summit in Lyons on Saturday, it will release a commu-

nique which will stress that the future looks bright provided everybody co-operates to fight inflation, curb fiscal deficits, combat terrorism, support the multilateral trading system, ease developing countries' debt and stamp out organised crime, corruption and drug-trafficking. The problem for G7 is the growing disparity between what it says is going on in the world economy and conditions on the ground. At the top, life is sweet. Communism's collapse has meant rich and easy pickings for an elite few, but at the expense of an explosion in inequality. Some economists see this as an inevitable phase of capitalism. A recent book by Graeme Snooks, Professor of economic history at the Australian National University in Canberra, argues that the world is — and always has been — shaped by what he calls dynamic materialism. Snooks sees history as the survival of the fittest, in which "mankind struggles against other species and its own kind for scarce natural resources in order to survive and prosper". As a case study, he points to Australia in the late 18th century, when the closed Aboriginal culture came up against a model of Western development (Britain) battle-scarred from constant struggle with other European nation states. It was no contest. Aboriginal Australia was not back-

ward or poverty stricken. It was a society built on order and consensus, in which a comfortable lifestyle was made possible with a combination of traditional technology and population control to husband resources. But as soon as this closed society's isolation ended its demise was inevitable. Snooks sees a parallel between Aboriginal Australia and some of the more fundamentalist anti-growth ecologists of today. Human nature is unchanging, so any attempt to eliminate materialist man's primal urges could only be achieved through a global dictatorship which in the end would push man away from growth through technology to growth through the only other available option — war. ONE of the arguments with this argument, as the book acknowledges, is that progress is neither seamless nor trouble-free. Ultimately, the collapse of the Roman Empire paved the way for the cultural, political and technological changes necessary for the emergence of the modern industrialised West. But the key word is "ultimately". It took 1,000 years and the Dark Ages to do it. This recognition — that society could step over the brink into an abyss of chaos — has started to alarm econo-

mists and political thinkers. The concern is being expressed most forcibly in America, where the signs of dislocation, dysfunction and possible collapse are much more obvious. Lester Thurow, in his millennial offering, *The Future of Capitalism*, makes the point that many successful societies existed with inequality — Ancient Rome, the Incas, classical China — but all had political systems that worked with the grain of the economic framework. Inequality worked fine alongside slavery, but once you added democracy to the equation things became combustible. Democracy and inequality simply don't mix. For the best part of two centuries this was recognised, by right as well as left. Indeed, some of the more progressive social measures were introduced by liberal politicians such as Roosevelt, De Gaulle and Bismarck, who could see the argument for giving everybody a stake in the capitalist system. As Thurow puts it, the role of government in the modern West has been primarily to reduce inequality — be it through the free land offered by the Homestead Acts, the constraints on monopolies imposed by the anti-trust legislation, or the GI Bill that provided free male education. Now he sees a different possibility — that the West may be on the brink of plunging

into a new Dark Age. There are many parallels — the collapse of the public realm and the retreat into privacy. More is spent on private than public policing in America, which is hardly surprising given that 28 million people live now in walled, gated and guarded communities. In one such California there is a wall, a moat, a drawbridge and a device that shoots a metal cylinder through the bottom of unauthorised cars. You don't have to buy the full Thurow thesis to recognise that there might be something in it. The case remains compelling for using the tax system to reduce income inequality, for the public realm to be built up, for controls on the global capital markets. So why is this not being shouted from the rooftops? A good starting point is to ask who exactly supports the current configuration of policy. Who thinks there is nothing wrong with income inequality being greater than at any time since records began? Who is arguing that attempts by the state to smooth out inequality must by definition be bad, that the private sector is to be preferred to the public sector, that low taxation is vital to increase the incentives of wealth creators? The answer is, of course, the new class of feudal barons — the rich and powerful who live in their walled fortresses, protected by retainers, who avoid paying taxes whenever they can, and demand that the government keep the peasants in check with an increasingly draconian criminal justice system. These people find it hard to understand the popularity of Pat Buchanan. They should flick through a history book and find its causes — before it's too late. *The Dynamic Society: Routledge*

muggings and there was graffiti galore. The answer is, of course, the new class of feudal barons — the rich and powerful who live in their walled fortresses, protected by retainers, who avoid paying taxes whenever they can, and demand that the government keep the peasants in check with an increasingly draconian criminal justice system. These people find it hard to understand the popularity of Pat Buchanan. They should flick through a history book and find its causes — before it's too late. *The Dynamic Society: Routledge*

# Inequality survives apartheid's demise

BRIEFING/South Africa's new elite shows that market-based reforms run only skin deep, writes RICHARD THOMAS

TWO young men debate the challenges of government in the 1990s. "Things are not as easy once you are actually in power," says one. The second agrees: "It is a question of what is achievable, what your priorities are, where sacrifices will fall. Tough choices have to be made." Harvard Business School students? Gordon Brown's press officers? In fact, the speakers are Jabulani Moleketi and Pule Makgoe, high-fliers in the South African government's civil service. These are the winners in the new South Africa, black high-achievers who have muscled in on the rewards previously guarded by the white minority. They are highly educated, with Joel Netshitenzhe — an aide to Nelson Mandela widely tipped as the next general secretary of the ANC — they spent the weekend in London fine-tuning their brains at a Centre for International Education in Economics seminar,

organised by the School of Oriental and African Studies. As civil servants, they are well paid. Next month their pay packets will swell again, despite the government's fiscal austerity in other areas. When apartheid was swept away it was one of the most unequal countries in the world, effectively two nations: a poverty-stricken Congo alongside an affluent Canada. The gap between rich and poor is, however, the same today as it was in 1980. But the racial divide has altered. While inter-racial in-

equality — primarily between blacks and whites — has diminished sharply, the level of intra-racial inequality, particularly within the black population, has soared. The gap between races is still huge. An International Labour Office report on the South African labour market, to be published later this week, says the white minority scoops up 61 per cent of the national income — down from 72 per cent in 1980. But the racial divide is no longer the biggest factor behind inequality in South Africa. The ILO estimates that in 1980 that divide accounted for 85 per cent of all earnings inequality. Today the figure has dropped to 42 per cent. Some blacks — such as Mr Moleketi and Mr Makgoe — have jumped the fence into

South Africa's well-heeled urban Canada, while the majority are left in poverty. Only 7 per cent of rural blacks have a toilet that flushes. 11 per cent have mains electricity. GDP in the richest provinces is more than six times that of the former "homelands". The labour market trends strike at the heart of the post-apartheid revolution. Was the goal simply to create a market economy without the racism — to put some pigment into prosperity? If so, progress is being made. But if the aim was to tackle the overall levels of inequality, to reduce poverty for blacks (and some whites), the post-apartheid government has achieved nothing. Everyone agrees that the way to reduce the gap between rich and poor is to improve opportunities for in-

equal, salaried work. On any measure, South Africa has a crippling level of unemployment. The ILO report suggests a jobless rate of 20 per cent, while the government and trade unions put the figure closer to 33 per cent. When they stop arguing about the numbers, both agree the problem is still acute. But the government is afraid a more expansionary economic policy, or large-scale public sector employment programmes, will derail its attempts to win credibility on the world's financial markets. So the highest real interest rates in the world are maintained, while a tough plan to bring South Africa's budget deficit down to 4 per cent of GDP is pushed through. Tough choices, indeed. But tough for whom?

# Insider has indispensable view of share-price boom

## Worm's eye

Dan Atkinson

TAKEN back by the roaraway stock market? Unable to decide whether to take the plunge? Fret no more; here, exclusively, an analyst from a leading City institution clues you in on the whys and wherefores of the share-price boom... Equity markets have reached a new plateau surrounded by very steep cliffs. Let no-one start talking about bubble stocks. These new issues represent quality companies. Property developers, insurance brokers, ruby-mine operators, image consultants, Internet pornographers, fortune tellers... Many are at the cutting edge of the new industries that will take Britain into the next century. Amusement arcades, massage parlours, vintage car dealers, betting shops;

we are talking about sound companies with proper financial controls. Here comes the Official Reckoner. Well-managed companies, of the highest quality, fully apprised of the latest thinking on corporate governance. Here comes the Fraud Squad. To talk about another Black Monday is quite frankly, way off beam. Until the next interest-rate rise. That is the sort of scare-mongering that can only have the regrettable effect of disturbing small investors. And we need those suckers to buy all our dud stocks. And it is about all the small investor who is now presented with a golden opportunity. To be fleeced. Fund managers in this market are long-term holders. Until they get back from holiday at the end of August. They are not considering any move to tighten up their holdings. Not until their kids are packed back off to school in September. Indeed, they are far more likely to look for increased opportunities in the London mar-



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Holland's missing man... France's Karembeu consoles his Sampdoria team-mate Seedorf



Flying the flag... Pearce, the epitome of a dogged England display in defence, takes a tumble at Wembley on Saturday

# Stage set for re-run of '66 and all that

## England 0, Spain 0 (aet; England won 4-2 on penalties)

### Seaman again saves the day

David Lacey at Wembley

AT LAST the 1966 show. The further England progressed in the European Championship the more likely it became that Germany would lie across their path in the semi-finals. So it has proved.

Since winning the World Cup on that sunny, showery Wembley afternoon England have beaten the Germans only twice in 11 meetings: 2-0 in a friendly in 1975 and 3-0 in a mini-tournament in Mexico City 10 years later, when Franz Beckenbauer's jet-lagged players were merely fulfilling their contractual obligations. Either way, this one should be different.

For England had memories of Turin six years ago still rankle. Again they have reached the semi-finals of a major tournament on penalties — those scored by Gary Lineker against Cameroon in Italia 90 and the one saved by David Seaman to beat Spain on Saturday.

If Venables' players combine the attacking flair they showed against Holland with the defensive resilience that frustrated Spain he may well join Sir Alf Ramsey as England's second man to take England to a major final.

No doubt the next 72 hours will see certain sections of the media resorting to the kind of childlike jingoism which should have gone out with Biggles. Beware of the hum in the Sun!

Yet on Saturday patriotism, for once, was enough. Tier upon tier of it flourished the flag of St George and did much to carry an exhausted England team to a place of respectability in the last four. Has the Red Cross ever considered going into the faith-healing business?

Having survived extra-time against a technically superior but chronically impotent Spanish side, England won a tense though largely unex-

pected quarter-final 4-2 on penalties. Whether they like it or not this England team will forever be associated with bars — Hong Kong bars, Salisbary bars and the crescent struck by Hierro with Spain's opening kick of the shoot-out.

In that instant Wembley knew its concerted boing of all things Hispanic had reduced the Spanish cause to a Quixotic gesture. Fuelle through the noise of wrens, England would have suffered a symphony of whistles given a similar situation in Seville.

When Pearce placed his kick beyond Zubizarreta, instead of hitting the goalkeeper's legs as he had done in the 1990 World Cup semi-final shoot-out with the Germans, the old Forester must have felt the relief of losing a grumbling appendix. Yet the final heroic moment belonged, inevitably, to Seaman, whose save from Nadal spared Fowler the angst of a further penalty. England's debt to their able Seaman grows and grows. At this rate he must surely end the tournament a rear-admiral.

Whatever the manner of its achievement, England's victory has guaranteed Venables a place on the national team's modest roll of honour. Reaching the last four of a major tournament is roughly what is required of a host nation. Anything else is a bonus. England have surely gone beyond the point of failure.

Saturday's performance had little of the sheer exuberance of the 4-1 victory over the Dutch. Spain's superior organisation was responsible for that. These oranges sold themselves less cheaply.

The broad avenues of space so eagerly exploited against Holland had become cul-de-sacs. England spent much of the game in pursuit of the ball; no wonder so many legs gave out after 90 minutes.

Call it resilience, guts or sheer bloody-mindedness, there was another sort of



Game keeper... Seaman enjoys the cheers after his winning save

glory on Saturday. Much of it concerned the marvellous performances in defence of Adams and Southgate, with Pearce not far behind.

Deprived, through suspension, of Ince's protection in midfield, and given added responsibility when Gary Neville was pushed forward after half-time to curb the advances of Sergi, this trio refused to be cowed by the obvious superiority on the ball of Amor, Hierro, Caminero, Sergi, Salinas and Alfonso.

Ince's absence could have cost England the game before half-time, given the regularity with which Platt and Gascoigne were outplayed by Hierro and Amor. Now that England are through, however, Ince's rested legs will be an advantage on Wednesday.

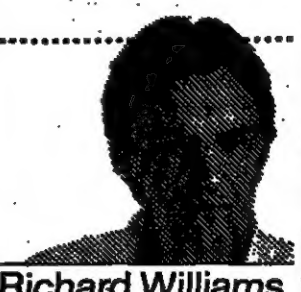
On chances created, if not the overall standard of their passing and movement, England deserved to progress. For all their skill, Spain did not draw from Seaman the saves Zubizarreta had to

make from Shearer, in the third minute, Adams on the half-hour and Gascoigne early in extra-time, the nearest either side came to winning through sudden death.

England's best spell, the opening 30 minutes of the second half, was again the result of McManaman starting to take on opponents with the ball and beating them for speed. When he tired the attack lost its thrust.

An awful lot now depends on McManaman's powers of recovery. England still have a lot of chasing to do. Once more it is due largely to Seaman that the hunt is still on. SPAIN: Zubizarreta, Amor, Caminero, Hierro, Salinas, Alfonso, 27. HOLLAND: Van der Sar, Reijnders, Blind, De Geer, Jordt (Winter, 88), Burgkamp (Seedorf, 66), Cocu, Kluyvert. Referee: A. Lopez Nieto (Spain).

## Venables' team walking taller and standing closer



Richard Williams

ITTLE by little, piece by piece, we see the true character of Terry Venables' England side emerging as Euro 96 winds towards its climax. Like all of us, it is flawed. But its merits are becoming clearer.

Chief among them is the kind of *esprit de corps* that can mitigate the effects of technical and tactical deficiencies. The steps mentally engineered by the media's hostile reaction to the squad's various escapades of the last few weeks has done its job. From Blisnam Abbey to Wembley Stadium the players are walking taller, standing closer, more at ease together, secure in the warmth of their leader's approval and belief.

Some of this came into view on Saturday afternoon, during a patchy performance which ended in a fortunate victory over Spain. Principally it was there in the contributions of the two full-backs, men of contrasting style, temperament and experience.

Stuart Pearce's redemptive contribution to the penalty shoot-out was the afternoon's most obvious moment of personal drama. But the 34-year-old Nottingham Forest captain's defensive work in the final stages of the match had already kept his side in with a chance of reaching the semi-final and provided an eloquent response to critics of his physical approach.

Pearce's celebration of his penalty success, however, turned him momentarily into a Ralph Steadman cartoon of a footballer's muscles bulging, eyes glaring, nose reddened, mouth howling. But a few minutes earlier, in the dying moments of the

game, he had shown another face, something more private and sympathetic.

When he tackled Alfonso in the English penalty area, conceding a corner in the process, the Spanish forward writhed on the ground. Pearce, clearly believing his opponent was trying to con the referee into giving a penalty, stood over him, mouthing something that was probably not an invitation to share a Flaming Lamborghini in the players' lounge after the match. Alfonso got up and trotted to the far post, to await the corner. As Pearce passed him they exchanged a few more words, suddenly broke into smiles and ruffled each other's hair.

Gary Neville's performance was in a different image. Venables remarked yesterday that the squad contains several men with the quality of leadership. Pearce is one; the elder Neville is another. At 21 he is already marked out for the captaincy of Manchester United and, quite probably, Glenn Hoddle's England.

Pulled hither and thither in the first half by Spain's left wing-back, the splendid Sergi, he responded to Venables' half-time talk by tightening up on his opposite number. But his effort seemed to have backfired only two minutes into the second half when he went sliding into a tackle, arrived late and launched Sergi about four feet into the air.

The consequent booking, Neville's second of the tournament, will keep him out of the semi-final. But his response said everything about his temperament. Instead of fretting or sulking and letting his concentration go, he composed himself and ensured that his performance for the remainder of the match was of the highest possible quality. He would not be back on the pitch on Wednesday night but he intended to do all he could to

ensure 11 other Englishmen would enjoy that privilege. In many other respects England's performance bore the marks of a hangover after Tuesday's euphoria. When the players came back to the line on Saturday, and when Spain began moving and passing the ball with the easy confidence that had been beyond the Dutch, England were suddenly floundering in the identity crisis that has afflicted them in this decade.

Gascoigne was back to the poor form of the opening match, a second late and a yard short everywhere. Taking Ince's place in front of the back four, Platt was a nullity. Shearman not only missed England's best chance but showed none of the strategic nous that, in a performance such as he gave against Holland, excuses his lack of pace. McManaman drifted, Anderson flitted, Shearer waited for scraps. Apart from the full-backs, only Seaman and the calm Southgate lived up to the nation's new expectations.

Venables had beaten Holland by devising a subtle tactical plan to nullify some of their strengths while maximising his own assets. But faced with a team that he, of all people, should have known well, his players were disconcerted by the smooth power with which the Spaniards broke out of defence, showing the benefit of six years of instruction by Javier Clemente.

The four final blows represented a triumph of composure by men whose technique did not fall them in the hour of trial. "To be honest," said Pearce, who for the last six years has been forced to wear his Turin miss as visibly as one of his tattoos, "I could hear my wife's voice saying, 'Oh no, not you again'." Well, whatever it takes.

## France 0, Holland 0 (aet; France won 5-4 on penalties)

### French leave Dutch to draw a lesson

Martin Thorpe

AS the French players piled one on top of the other at Anfield to celebrate a place in the semi-finals, the Dutch camp could only console themselves with the thought that this cruel exit might be the making of their troubled young team.

Penalties are an unsatisfactory way to decide anything significant, but from that instant heroes-and-villains device came a result on Saturday which shows that the team spirit and tactical organisation are so badly disrupted.

Unlike the Dutch, the French got it right. Prior to Euro 96 their defender Marcel Desailly said of the coach Aimé Jacquet's influence: "Before, we were a collection of highly talented individuals. Now we are a collective unit, each player knowing his responsibilities."

This was the main reason that the Cantona and Ginola free spirits were contriver-

sially omitted from the squad, though the mouth-watering thought of *Mon Génus* playing in this team has been given added spice now that a knee injury has ended the striker Dugarry's Euro 96.

But Jacquet's dislikes players of mood and events have supported his judgment. France may have sparked France in patches but their work-rate and communal understanding built on a solid defence have justified predictions that they would be one of the teams to watch.

What a contrast with Holland, supposedly the European kings of organised football. Instead they have dressing-room infighting, a young squad prey to political intrigue, a traditionally reliable team pattern disrupted by the injury of a key creative launch-pad in Frank de Boer, with his inventive side-kick Danny Blind suspended for the first game.

Holland's tone was set from that early draw with Scotland but it was the putative villain of Saturday's defeat who most

vividly highlighted the contrast with France. Clarence Seedorf is a player of mood. His friend Edgar Davids, sent home last week for chipping the coach, also missed a penalty in the European Cup final shoot-out lost by Ajax in May. Davids is 23, Seedorf 21 and both are young millionaires used from childhood to being lauded and applauded. The hope in the Dutch camp now is that Euro 96 will be the making of them, adding responsibility to their undoubted talent.

For this young squad, too, it is hoped that elimination from the tournament will provide invaluable experience. As for Saturday's game, it revealed that, though organisation might be the coaches' preference, it does little to provide excitement. Despite the lovely close control and clever movement from both sides, goalmouth action was direly lacking until the heater-skater of the later stages.

Defences, reinforced by back-pedallers from midfield, are simply too heavily

then hit his shot too close to Lama. He left Holland in despair and Seedorf in tears.

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Defences, reinforced by back-pedallers from midfield, are simply too heavily

manned these days to be breached even by two strikers.

With France having conceded only 18 goals in their 27-match unbeaten run, Holland did well to get as close as they did. Apart from the chances already mentioned, Ronald de Boer should have scored with a header after 22 minutes and later Cocu's free-kick was deflected on to the outside of a French post.

As for France, Djorkarner headed wide from near the penalty spot and then was denied by a great block by Van der Sar, but otherwise Jacquet's team struggled to worry the goalkeeper.

With Dugarry out and Karembeu, on two yellow cards, missing the next match, their attacking options are further limited. But at least they are still in the tournament and Holland would settle for that.

Seedorf thanked the French players Lama and Karembeu, his friend at Sampdoria, for their sympathy. "I was happy they said sorry," he said. "I could hear them but I could not see them because of the tears in my eyes."

## Mistakes cost inconsolable Seedorf dear against Lama

Michael Walker

BERNARD LAMA had his *Bpiorities* right. While the whole of England was out getting Sheringhamed on David Seaman's penalty save, Lama was making decisive interceptions at Anfield.

Yet Lama emphasised a stop he had made earlier. "The most important save," said Lama, "was the first one I made from Seedorf," one that came after 88 minutes.

Seedorf did not know it then but the agony was just beginning. After the penalty he was inconsolable as a few team-mates hugged him. They were all black, bringing the stories of racial division within the Dutch camp into sharp focus.

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## The Guardian Offer

Win Tickets for the Final of Euro 96

After England's superb 4-1 victory over Holland, they may well be one of the teams battling it out at the Wembley final on June 30. Whether they get there or not, the match promises to be some spectacle — and all the better for being in the crowd to watch it.

Fujifilm — sponsors of Euro 96 and many World Cups — are offering Guardian readers the chance to win a pair of tickets to the Euro 96 final. If you are the lucky winner, don't forget to take your camera loaded, naturally, with Fujicolour film to capture all the best moments. To enter, call the hotline number today — lines close at midnight.

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Tickets & cash prizes: 1. Winners will be chosen at random from all the entries received by midnight June 24 1996. 2. Winner will be notified by writing from Tuesday June 25 1996. 3. Prize consists of a pair of tickets to the Euro 96 Final at Wembley on Sunday June 30 1996. Tickets are non-transferable. Winner must arrange their own transport. 4. No cash prize can be won by any person. 5. Cash is offered at 80p per minute when you call at all other times. 6. Open to all residents of the UK and the Republic of Ireland, excluding employees of the British Media Group, Fujifilm, their agencies and licensees. 7. In the event of a draw, the decision of the Guardian Newspaper Ltd is final. 8. No purchase necessary. 9. Promoter: The Guardian 110 Fenchurch Road, London EC3A 8BB.





Tear out... Jana Novotna is comforted by the Duchess of Kent after throwing away the 1993 singles final. The Czech had served for a 5-2 third-set lead, only to let Steffi Graf back in for an eventual 7-6, 1-6, 6-4 victory PHOTOGRAPH PAUL HANNA

# Champions defend against adversity

## Come in No. 1, the world's fastest grass

Stephen Bierley gives his guide to Wimbledon: With Sampras vulnerable, can Agassi kindle his past magic?

**P**ETER SAMPRAS walked through the gates of Wimbledon again last week and felt the past rush through his body like a fever. Here, clear and unmistakable, were the Beach Boys' good, good, good vibrations.

"I thought 'this is it'." The player who learned on the hard courts of California tinged with the memories of his three successive men's singles titles on Centre Court grass.

It has not been the best of years for Sampras. He remains at the top of the world rankings but was beaten in the Australian Open by the 19-year-old local hero Mark Philippoussis and was then brought to an enfeebled standstill by Yevgeny Kafelnikov in the semi-finals of the French Open.

Overriding everything has been the illness and subsequent death of his coach, mentor and friend Tim Gullikson. Sampras played at Roland Garros on a surging tide of emotion.

"Before Tim passed away I asked him what to do to win in Paris. He said: 'Win the last point. I did my best.' Exhausted, the 24-year-old flew home to Florida and slept.

Listening to him talk and watching him wend his lone way from Wimbledon's Centre Court complex out past the vast concrete skeleton of the new No. 1 court and on towards the Atrium Park practice courts, one sensed still an aura of melancholy playing about his shoulders.

Sampras may not encounter the searing heat of Paris in SW19 but whether he can cope psychologically with the stresses of another two-week tournament so soon is open to question.

The first week may be crucial. In Paris Sampras had an enormously tough opening and the Wimbledon draw has given him no respite. He begins at just after 2pm on Centre Court today against his fellow American Rikie Renberg and is then likely to meet Philippoussis.

If this was not bad enough, also lurking on the American side of the draw is Germany's Michael Stich, the Wimbledon champion in 1991 and recent runner-up to Kafelnikov in the French Open.

The 27-year-old Stich played some intelligent tennis at Roland Garros, a tournament he almost missed. He had ankle surgery this year and in the preceding Italian Open was clearly not fit. However his late decision to play in Paris did him a power of good. "Michael is obviously a great threat," said Sampras. "He is one of the top five or six grass-court players in the world."

Another German, Boris Becker, is seeded No. 3 after losing to Sampras in the final last year. He has won the title as many times but has lost his last three final appearances.

It is 11 years since the 17-year-old Becker, armed with a crashing serve, won his first Wimbledon against Kevin Curran. A family man now, Becker believes he is enjoying his tennis more than ever. "The crowd wanted Boris to win last year and I understand that," said Sampras. "I let my racket do the talking but it would be nice to get some support this time." Perhaps he will, for he too has shown his vulnerable human side this year.

Of the other challengers the most dangerous, Goran Ivanisevic, is also in Sampras's side of the draw. Second guessing the Croatian is akin to predicting the English weather. The talent is there; the power is there; the brain is prone to AWOL.

And so to the great sorcerer, Andre Agassi may sprinkle his magic dust over Wimbledon's grass from start to finish; he may also disappear like a puff of smoke in the first week.

"He had a bit of a tough road. I think losing the US final to me last year took a lot out of him," Sampras conjectured. "He's got as much talent as anybody in the game and Wimbledon brings the best out of everybody."

The question is, has Agassi anything inside him to bring out? There were further disappointing signs in Paris, where he lost early to the little-known American Chris Woodruff. That Agassi's lust for glory has sharply dimmed is a distinct probability. Seles's shoulder injury is altogether more unpleasant. The tear is deep-rooted and needs surgery but Seles is hoping to postpone an operation until later this year.

To expect her to survive two weeks is asking a lot. She could not manage it in Paris, losing to Jana Novotna in the quarter-finals. Moreover she admitted to being "scared" on the big points. Nobody had heard her talk this way before. She will, however, have been encouraged by her victory at Eastbourne.

The fact that the Wimbledon seeding committee stuck with the ranking-list highlights the predictability of the women's game and, good as

Graf and Seles have all the chemistry for a grand finale but will their bodies stand up to the fortnight?

IT was lunch-time in the first week of the French Open. Roland Garros shimmered under bleached-blue skies and a multitude of Parisians settled down for the serious business of the day. Bejaouis was corked. *File gras* was forsaken.

They have met only twice on grass. Graf annihilated the adopted American 6-0, 6-1 in the fourth round in 1989 when Seles was 16; their other Wimbledon meeting was the 1992 final. Graf again winning comprehensively 6-2, 6-1.

"I could not have played a better match but Monica did not really get into it at all. She didn't return or serve well." In all they have played 11 times, nine in finals: Graf holds a 7-4 lead. "Any time I play against her we have great matches," said Graf. "The chemistry is right."

This, as the Wimbledon encounters demonstrate, is not strictly true but their most recent meeting, the 1995 US Open final, was a fluctuating classic. Graf winning 7-6, 0-6, 6-3. A repeat performance by the world's top two a week on Saturday would be ideal.

It is by no means certain. Graf tweaked her knee last week and missed Eastbourne. The problem is not thought to be serious, though. So, if the German recaptures the fluidity of her recent French Open victory, a seventh Wimbledon title is a distinct probability.

Seles's shoulder injury is altogether more unpleasant. The tear is deep-rooted and needs surgery but Seles is hoping to postpone an operation until later this year. To expect her to survive two weeks is asking a lot. She could not manage it in Paris, losing to Jana Novotna in the quarter-finals. Moreover she admitted to being "scared" on the big points. Nobody had heard her talk this way before. She will, however, have been encouraged by her victory at Eastbourne.

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Novotna and fans choked by potential unfulfilled

THERE was a cartoon in *Mad* magazine where the hero, a swordsman dressed in pristine white, fought through frame after frame killing all the villains that stood in his way.

Finally he met the black-cloaked villain. "En garde!" cried our bold hero — and was instantly stabbed through the heart. Life is not fair or equitable. Neither is sport. Those we do not want to win frequently do. And, more agonisingly, those we desperately want to succeed let us down.

A few weeks ago at Roland Garros Jana Novotna, leading 7-6, 6-3, served for a quarter-final victory over Monica Seles, the world's joint No. 1. Suddenly Novotna was 15-40 and a silence of such intensity fell that a butterfly unfolding its wings would have made everyone jump.

Here, embodied by the repressed stillness, was a collective awareness that Novotna, one of the most talented players on the women's circuit, was congenitally prone to letting the most promising of positions splinter and crack like ice under her feet.

Most famously of all, she had served for a 5-2 third-set lead in the 1993 Wimbledon final against Steffi Graf, only to let Graf back for a 7-6, 1-6, 6-4 victory. The loser from the Czech Republic wept tears of anguish on the Duchess of Kent's shoulder, one of the most vivid and touching moments in the long history of Centre Court.

In 1995 the French witnessed their own shocking failure of Novotna nerves when the US teenager Chanda Rubin came back to win from a third-set deficit of 0-5, 0-40.

So what was Novotna thinking as she served at

the 1995 final was the thought of another Graf v Arantxa Sanchez Vicario meeting hardly sets the blood racing.

Since the beginning of 1992 Sanchez Vicario has failed on only five occasions to reach the semi-finals of the four Grand Slams combined. Three of these early exits have been at Wimbledon, where the speed of the grass and the low bounce can negate her best efforts.

In 1994, having lost the Australian Open final to Graf, she followed up with the French and US titles to add to her French Open win in 1989. But since then she has lost four Grand Slam finals, three to Graf and one to Mary Pierce.

Her fellow Spaniard Conchita Martinez has had nothing like the same Grand Slam success, though she is the more gifted player she is prone to self-destruction. She also has semi-final block and is drawn to meet Graf there. Nevertheless she won Wimbledon in 1984, albeit against a 37-year-old Martina Navratilova.

Novotna is one of the few volleyers left in the women's game but she is due to meet Graf in the quarter-finals and that may be that. Other than her it is difficult to see anybody outside the top four seeds blowing up a storm. But hopes spring eternal. Perhaps Pierce will address her tennis instead of her dress.

"I don't think it's suitable for tennis," said Graf referring to her little black number in Paris. She might well have



Novotna... no killer instinct

15-40 against Seles? "Nothing. Nothing at all. I was just focusing on my strokes and hitting the ball properly. That was it." It is hard to believe but then she is uncharacteristically steady towards the top 10.

Novotna possesses all the shots: fluid ground strokes, wicked volleys and a menacing serve. She is a player ideally suited to Wimbledon's slick courts, yet only twice in 10 visits has she got beyond the quarter-finals.

It is difficult to know whether this comparative lack of success is as frustrating for her as it is patently for her many fans. Novotna often says that the most important thing is that the public enjoy what she is doing. "You can't only do it for your own satisfaction."

An abiding image of Novotna is a clenched right fist thumping the air with a short-arm jab as she wills herself towards success. But she has never possessed the natural killer instincts of a champion: the foot on the throat. That cannot be taught.

Graf's personal problems are well documented; she keeps her emotions tightly suppressed but the jailing of her father for alleged tax evasion is an immense and lingering hurt. Many would have cracked under such pressure.

"I just simply have no time for hobbies," Graf replied in Paris when asked how she managed to wind down. "I have to spend so much time sitting down with lawyers and tax people. That's why I love to come to tournaments — to get away from all that."

With her athleticism and powerful forehand Graf remains a constant delight. Getting away from it all may well mean a 20th Grand Slam triumph in total.

said the same of her play. Graf's personal problems are well documented; she keeps her emotions tightly suppressed but the jailing of her father for alleged tax evasion is an immense and lingering hurt. Many would have cracked under such pressure.

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Frank Keating

THIS is the last Wimbledon for the evocative and singular No. 1 Court. Architectural change is sometimes imperceptible, other times terminally dramatic. It will be the latter when the bulldozers grind in to ransack the Centre Court's democratic and friendly old semi-detached neighbour as soon as the last doubles finals are over on July 7. By next June a swishy grand and modern new stadium court will begin business higher up the hill on the championship grounds.

So farewell, then, No. 1 — though never exactly *Numero uno* — RIP, aged 72, forever fondly remembered.

The ghosts of No. 1 may, of course, gambol and romp for all time — once any red-gilded midsummer sunset has dropped below the line of its steep-raked mountainous western terrace where the schoolgirls' picnic parties would gather to munch and screech hurrahs.

Ghosts, sure, but No. 1 was not strictly The Graveyard, which remains No. 2 Court across the concourse, that unshaded, rectangular little microwave-oven whose boxed-in, undraining surface would cause nightmares for devoted groundsmen and cursing departing seeds.

It was all encapsulated by that grand old All England head groundsmen of a few decades back, Jack Yardley, who would refer to his various courts as he, she and it: "it" was always the contrary No. 2; the opulent, regal glory of Centre Court was, of course, adoringly "she"; and No. 1 was "he".

And a masculine Colosseum it is — boldly wide-shouldered, sipping with pace and offering the freedom to live dangerously and trust to reflexes. Because of its spacious openness to the sunshine and prevailing winds, No. 1 is the fastest serious grass court in the world.

If No. 1 is indeed male, it is, structurally, downright English-eccentric male with knobs on: it looks as if it was built as an afterthought, and it was. One side is that seemingly sheer Matterhorn bank, the other just a shallow row of seats beneath the walkway clutter and bustle which encircles its poach neighbour.

No. 1 is all iron girders and splintery woodwork, everything painted a peeling cabbagegreen, like old Twickenham used to be: peeling but appealing.

The dear departed Twickenham was built in 1910 and No. 1 Court is 14 years younger. It had been the tea-lawns and was opened, a year after No. 2 Court, in 1924, the same summer that a simple form of seeding was tried and Centre Court competitors were first ordered by the committee to howl to Queen Mary in the Royal Box.

The People's Palace of No. 1 was never to have a Royal Box but it had two press-boxes, one in the dark rafters high behind the southern service-line and the other low down in the very front row. There one so close to the action that one could lean forward and place a drawing-pin on the netcord judge's chair.

That front press bench is my favourite place. I was first there 33 summers ago, when the big German Bumber beat Emerson, the quicksilver Australian top seed. I was working then for ITV, which had a forlorn stab at matching BBC coverage for a year or two, and was accompanied by one camera and a nice, mincingly camp floor-manager seconded from the drama department, whose job was to relay scores back to our control hut on a primitive walkie-talkie.

The players did not seem to mind his noise but when he persisted in calling every "love" score as "nil", the umpire halted play and patiently explained tennis scoring.

On No. 1 many have suffered much more embarrassment. If not the original graveyard, it has still hosted no end of upsets, near-upsets, turn-arounds, turmoils and unlikely triumphs. And the nobs on Centre Court have heard all about them, carried on the sou'westerlies to assail the main show-court like a tide battering a sea-wall.

I warrant that many more times have exasperated Centre Court players stood off and waited for the next-door din to die down from No. 1 than vice-versa.

It is also a hometown paddock. British knees come over all trembly next door but No. 1's welcoming inelegance is more homey. Roger Taylor just had to add "from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee," one Roscoe Tanner.

In the next round Lloyd was two sets up against an unknown but blew it. They should have let him stay on No. 1 all fortnight.

But now the court where Nastase clowned and McEnroe raged is on "his" deathbed. One summer evening, a hundred years from now, someone may stand where No. 1 used to be and hear in the breeze the ghosts of Wimbledon's Past. And they will wonder what sort of a place it was where people said: "Why can't I call myself a disgrace to mankind?"

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## Siemerink finds the right gear

David Irvine

**J**AN SIEMERINK became the third Dutch player to win an ATP Tour event on grass in the Nineties when he defeated Sandon Stolle 6-3, 7-6 in the final of the Nottingham Open yesterday.

In 1993 Jacco Eltingh won the Manchester tournament while Richard Krajicek claimed the Rosmalen crown in 1994. "Our games are geared to grass," Siemerink said. Yet none of the three has progressed beyond the quarter-finals at Wimbledon.

Had Stolle won — and he lost serve only once in the match — tennis would have had its first father-and-son tour winners of the open era. Fred Stolle, then 35, was winner of the Christchurch event in 1973. Stolle's hopes of push-

ing the match to a third set evaporated when Siemerink, serving superbly, swept up the tiebreak 7-0.

The unseeded, British pair Mark Petchey and Danny Sapsford, who had beaten the top seeds earlier in the week, shared prize-money of £13,600 when they overcame Neil Broad and Piet Norval 6-7, 7-6, 6-4 in the doubles final.

Monica Seles helped to justify her second seeding at Wimbledon with a straight-sets demolition of Mary Joe Fernandez in the final of the Eastbourne Championships on Saturday.

Seles, who crushed Fernandez 6-0, 6-2 in only 45 minutes to capture the first grass-court title of her career, said she was helped by the unusually cool, cloudy South Coast weather. "I noticed Mary Joe had goose bumps

and I was so cold out there I just wanted to keep moving," she explained.

Seles warmed up for her first Wimbledon in four years with a devastating display of baseline power hitting and accuracy which left her deflated opponent swooning at suggestions that Seles will be a flop.

Natalie Tauziat, whom Seles beat in the quarter-final, had described Seles as unfit. But Fernandez said: "I like Monica's Wimbledon chances. She has a great leftie serve on the grass and I think she can handle anybody there. Perhaps Steffi has the best chance to beat her but Monica hits the ball as hard and with as much penetration

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up today. I was always a step too slow. She just didn't give me any opportunity to get into the match," admitted Fernandez, who had won only once in 16 previous meetings with Seles.

The only worry for Seles is the torn shoulder muscle which causes her constant pain and may require surgery after the US Open in August.

But Seles gave no hint of being hampered as she began by conceding only two points of the first set, taking the first set in 18 minutes. No sooner had Fernandez gained some consolation by breaking in the first game of the second than Seles hit back to level.

Two mighty two-fluted cross-court backhands finally put Fernandez out of her misery and brought Seles her 39th career singles title — and her first on grass.

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Test Match  
Live Commentary 29  
Match Reports 23

Dorsetshire	31	Middlesex	40
Durham	32	Northants	41
Essex	33	Nottingham	42
Glamorgan	34	Somerset	43
Gloucestershire	35	Surrey	44
Hampshire	36	Worcestershire	45
Kent	37	Worcestershire	46
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WIMBLEDON'S TOP SEEDS



Pistol-grip... Sampras looking for a fourth title running

Men

1. Pete Sampras (US). Age 24. Career prize money: £14.5m. Reigning champion with three successive Wimbledon titles...

5. Yevgeny Kafelnikov (Rus). Age 22. Career prize money: £2m. French title earlier this month may be the first of many...

2. Boris Becker (Ger). Age 28. Career prize money: £13m. Senior tennis citizen whose appetite for a grass pass remains undimmed...

6. Michael Chang (US). Age 24. Career prize money: £7.8m. Small man, long racket handle. Mediocre Wimbledon record...

3. Andre Agassi (US). Age 26. Career prize money: £7.5m. One appearance in final (1992); one win. Early defeat at Roland Garros led to further speculation...

8. Jim Courier (US). Age 25. Career prize money: £7.7m. From 1991 to 1993 appeared in seven Grand Slam tournament finals, winning four...

4. Goran Ivanisevic (Cro). Age 24. Career prize money: £7.8m. Ace-hitter supreme but never king of a Grand Slam. Twice runner-up at Wimbledon (1992 and 1994)...

7. Thomas Enqvist (Swe). Age 22. Career prize money: £1.4m. Marginally better known than Magnus Larsson but not a Swede (unlike Stefan Edberg) to thrill the blood...

Women

1. Steffi Graf (Ger). Age 27. Career prize money: £12.1m. Reigning champion and six times Wimbledon winner. Father in jail on tax fraud charge...

5. Anke Huber (Ger). Age 21. Career prize money: £1.5m. Reached her first Grand Slam final in January, losing to Seles in Melbourne. Lives in the shadow of Graf...

Today's order of play. Table listing tennis matches for the day, including Wimbledon and other tournaments.



Fluent and business-like... Ray Lindwall, a formidable force in the Australian attack, was no mean batsman either. He completed the double of 100 wickets and 1,000 runs in his 38th Test

Lindwall remembered - 'the complete fast bowler' and one of the Musketeers with Miller and Compton

RAY LINDWALL, whose fluent and business-like style took 226 Test wickets for Australia, exactly half of them against England, has died in Brisbane; he was yesterday described as 'the complete fast bowler' by Trevor Bailey...

to start his away swing on the leg stump and, despite his arm action, developed a deadly inswinger which ended his own Test career. His bounce was well directed, as I found to my cost when he broke my thumb in Sydney...

Rugby League

First Division: Widnes 20, Salford Reds 32

McAvoy centre of attention

SALFORD are most people's favourites to gain entry to the Super League next season, not by 'fast-tracking' but by winning their division. They took another significant stride with this victory at Naughton Park...

Rugby Union

Cobner bangs the drum for 'intensity'

DAVID PLUMMER: AUSTRALIA have scored 230 points against Wales in their last five meetings, so Saturday's win at the Sydney Football Stadium was a relative failure for them...

Scotland have no answer to New Zealand scrummaging

THE All Blacks gave Scotland a lesson in scrummaging power as they won the second Test 36-12 in miserably wet conditions in Auckland on Saturday...

Workington's season goes from bad to worse against Broncos

WORKINGTON's sad season propping up the Super League was well encapsulated yesterday when their lowest crowd of the season (1,400) saw them fade badly to lose 34-6 to a London Broncos team that had Gavin Allen sent off after only 15 minutes...

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Golf

Rose bouquets in cup triumph

JUDY BELL, the first woman president of the United States Golf Association, was driving the buggy; her passenger on Killarney's Killen course was Martha Lang, the crest-fallen captain of America's Curtis Cup team...

No complaints as Farry takes a pay cut for part-time win

MARC FARRY of France was presented with a cut-price first European Tour victory yesterday after two days of Bavarian rainstorms forced the BMW Open to be abandoned with only 26 holes completed...

Table listing golf tournament results, including the Curtis Cup and other events.

The Guardian theObserver Premier Newspapers. Advertisement for the newspaper's subscription service.



Euro 96 David Lacey and Richard Williams on the Wembley hangover

Wimbledon Stephen Bierley's guide to 13 days of strawberries and tennis in SW19

13

14

The Guardian Sport

Wembley cries 'God for Terry, England and St George'



Matthew Engel

THERE were various T-shirts on sale round Wembley on Saturday. Some proclaimed "We'll fight them on the beaches" and "V-E Day". Now England have got to play Germany again, and in the next 60 or so hours it is going to get worse. It is time to impose a self-denying ordinance. No more analogies involving any combination of the second world war, John Major's European policy, and football. It has been ind-

ciously overdone: if the Government has not made Britain look stupid all round the Continent this past week, then the puerile ravings of the Daily Mirror certainly have. This ordinance takes effect at the beginning of the fourth paragraph. In the meantime, before dropping the metaphor forever, let us say that Saturday's game was emphatically not V-E Day. It was not even D-Day. It did bear some resemblance to Dunkirk: a retreat that turned into a sort of suc-

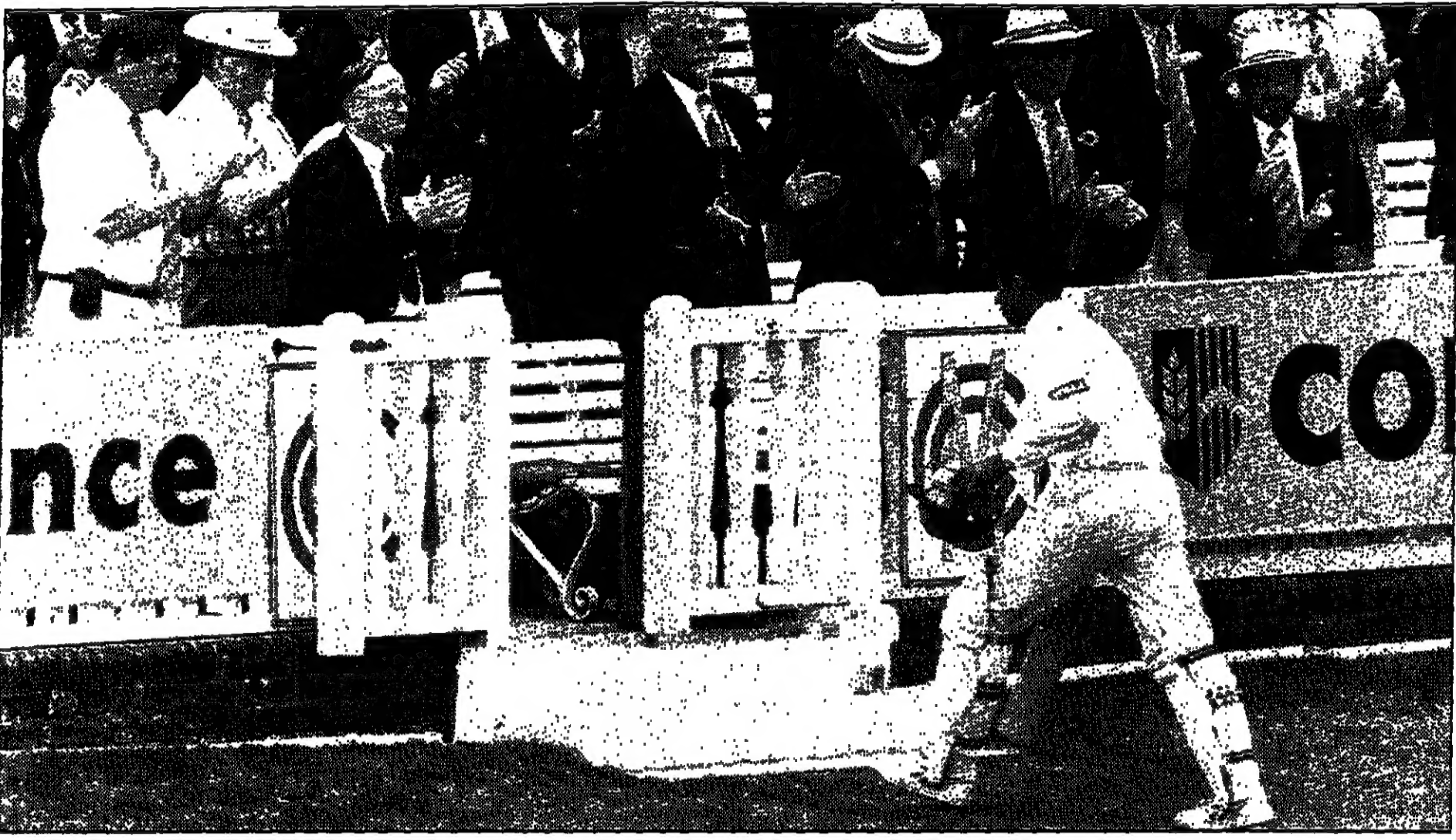
cess that can be dressed up as a triumph — thanks to a combination of about three parts phenomenal luck, one part cool practicality and a dash of monkey business thrown in. In other words, it was a John Majorish sort of victory. As a football match England v Spain was not brilliant. There were a lot of errors on both sides and the greatest heights of skill were reached in the art of robust defence. Had it been Grimsby v Port Vale in February the crowd would have

found it rather ordinary: what they used to call in the Football Pink "end-to-end stuff". But the match cannot be separated from the atmosphere. Apart from anything else, without the various advantages of being at home, England would almost certainly have lost. It was not Grimsby v Port Vale. It was a sensational occasion. It was also an almost wholly pleasant and enjoyable one. The crowd's inability to sing Abide With Me on Cup Final Day is sometimes put down to

the Wembley roof muffling the sound. This theory was exposed on Saturday. The noise was incredible. And there was in the singing something unrecognisable from the viciousness that was the dominant characteristic of English football culture for about two decades. The mood was innocent and guileless, like being at the Commonwealth Games in Canada or New Zealand, where all the locals wave silly little flags and get absurdly excited every time one of their clans wins a medal

in the weightlifting or the backstroke. The vast majority of the crowd did not think it was V-E Day or the Armada: they thought it was a football match and they loved it. It was summed up in the face of the wide-eyed team mascot, as Tony Adams led him out, arm on his shoulder, and three ruffled his hair at the end of the anthems. Suddenly the world seemed fresh and new again. Now it was England's turn to wave the flag. This new cult of St George, previously invoked

in the annual April 23 piece in the Telegraph or Mail moaning that no one takes any notice of him, seems more agreeable than the old union-jackman-ship that used to accompany the England football team. It is difficult to be convincing: you have a cross painted across your face. But, in the meantime, one can begin to form a view about this tournament. English soccer at long last has achieved a sort of redemption.



Standing order... members by the pavilion steps offer applause and sympathy to Rahul Dravid whose maiden Test innings ended five runs short of his century

English attack helps turn young Dravid into a Goliath

Mike Selvey at Lord's

THERE is, say those who know the Indians intimately, an unshakable belief in destiny within their ranks. So no one will have been surprised in the way that purely by happenstance, the team appears to have uncovered the next generation. Fate, they will say, was responsible for the alleged schemings that induced the selectors to leave behind Vinod Kambli, a young batsman with a Test average in excess of 50; fate, too, that caused the most experienced opener Navjot Sidhu to pack his bags and return to India in a fit of pique and Sanjay Manjrekar, the man who coveted the No. 3 position, to turn his ankle in the first Test and so miss this one.

of fizzing leg-break from Anil Kumble that conjures up pictures of Shane Warne and Mike Gatting, and Nasser Hussain. Instead it was left to the nightwatchman Peter Martin to help Stewart through to stumps. In this series Hussain has re-established himself as a batsman of true international quality and temperament and for 85 minutes yesterday evening he played with composure and assurance while making 28. Then Srinath banged in another short ball and Hussain, pulling out of a hook shot, left his bat in line and the ball ballooned off the toe end to point. India had begun the fourth day on 324 for six, only 30 behind, and unless they could establish a substantial lead the game was dead and buried. But despite consistent movement in the air, the England bowlers performed poorly, allowing Dravid to accumulate and failing to dislodge Kumble until Martin, the worst of the bowlers yesterday, had him low after almost an hour.

Faced with such disruption, other teams might have folded. Instead Indian cricket, on the rack at Edgbaston, has rediscovered itself at Lord's. In England's first innings there were wickets for Venkatesh Prasad, who with Javagal Srinath already forms one of the most potent opening attacks in the world. Then, when they batted, neither the genius Tendulkar nor the sorcerer Azharuddin scored the runs but two novices in their first Test innings. On Saturday Saurav Ganguly, a rare Bengal Test cricketer, cast aside the aspirations that he was in the side purely on the strength of a father in high places to make a century in more than seven hours of concentration. It was only the third hundred on this ground by a man playing his maiden Test innings. No Test match has seen two debutants from the same team score centuries. Yesterday India came within a whisker as Rahul Dravid, who had kept Ganguly company during a sixth-wicket stand of 94, carried on where his partner had left off, making 85 before he was ninth out.

Dravid had added only seven to his overnight 86 but realised that, with capable partners and sensible batting, a hundred was possible. He found further staunch company first from Srinath, an impressive performer with the bat at Edgbaston in more trying conditions, and then from Mhambru. After a lunch-time pondering the possibilities, he looked more assertive, driving Mullyally down the line to the nineties. Atherton now had a decision to make: the new ball was due but the old one was still swinging sharply at times. He chose to give Lewis his head with the new ball and in his second over the bowler obliged.

Asylum seeker lodging appeal

WEMBLEY might be joyfully chorusing its approval about football coming home but for one England batsman at Lord's there has been a less certain sense of belonging these past few days. Alec Stewart has been invited back into the England family like the man with an overnight bag. Expectations are that he will make himself useful, know his place and then deferentially slip away without too much fuss. He remains a dedicated and respected professional but England are hankering

after reintroducing Nick Knight, who at 26 is seven years his junior, the moment his broken finger heals. Yet Stewart's current appeal against temporary asylum could be persuasive. He began dodgily yesterday, especially against Srinath, mistiming and thick-edging, but his last shod was scrutinised with increasing warmth and gratitude. By the close he was unbeaten on 65 and, for a batsman who had scored only one half-century in his last 18 England innings, suggested a growing air of permanence. It was a good job, too, for without him England would have been in serious danger of defeat. We

have long recognised him as a stickler, he might yet prove to be a stickler as well. Stewart's first-innings dismissal had undermined England's doubts but his record at Lord's is impressive. Seven of his 24 Test half-centuries have been made at headquarters, compared to only two on the demanding tracks at The Oval. Perhaps it is Lord's sense of order, and propriety, which suits him. It must be the only ground in the world where the spectators are likely to rival him for grooming. When he marched off at the close, tucking his bat under his arm, he could as easily have been folding up the Fi-

nanial Times and striding off for a meeting in the City. How much impact must Stewart make to remain in the England side? Overhauling Brian Lara's 375 — only another 310 to go — could be safely assumed to do it. If he bats out the day, Trent Bridge could also beckon. But if, say, he is out in the Nineties, his job convincingly done, England's selectors would be in a quandary. Stewart's case emphasises how easily such predicaments arise. A week ago England were so convinced that Knight was their preferred opener that they barely dared to con-

sider that he would be unfit. When that possibility arose, they looked back to Stewart rather than forward to a younger batsman, such as his Surrey team-mate Mark Butcher, or Yorkshire's opener, Anthony McGrath, because it seemed a more comfortable short-term option. A young player, the logic went, would feel betrayed if a successful debut was not recognised with a lengthy run in the side. Stewart would be more prepared for any eventuality. The youngster would know his score; Stewart would know the score. If he bats for most of today, there is no reason to expect that he will.

Guardian Crossword No 20,687 Set by Crispa. Includes crossword grid and clues.

Grape pips Kelleway's Glory in grand finish. Chris Hawkins. GLORY OF DANCER, fourth in the Epsom Derby, failed by a short head to win the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamp yesterday when caught in the final stride by Grape Tree Road, trained by André Fabre. The English challenger, ridden by Cash Amussen, looked sure to win when hitting the front a furlong out, but Thierry Jarnet conjured a terrific run from Grape Tree Road, who is owned by British bookmaker Michael Tabor living in Monte Carlo. Glory Of Dancer raced on the outside up the straight and saw plenty of daylight, while the winner got a dream run up the inside in a rough race. It was a bitter pill for Paul Kelleway, trainer of Glory Of Dancer, to swallow, but he did his best to put a brave face on things commenting: "What can you say, he's run a great race, but just got there too soon. Cash said so himself." Kelleway still carries the nickname "patter race Paul" for a host of unlikely successes early in his career, and he won the Grand Prix in 1987 with Risk Me. Grape Tree Road finished seventh in the Prix Du Jockey Club (French Derby) three weeks ago, but was ridden differently yesterday — he led two furlongs out at Chantilly. Besides saddling Grape Tree Road, Fabre, who is by far the most successful group race trainer in Europe, also sent out the third, Andriod. Henry Cecil's Farasan finished fourth, but was relegated to sixth. He looked unlucky after failing to get a run, and in desperation his rider, John Reid, was adjudged to have caused interference to Blackwater and Le Triton. Reid was suspended for four days, starting July 2. Cecil believes Farasan, having only his third race, is a very good colt and may now run him in the King George at Ascot next month. The Geoff Wragg-trained Mezzogiorno, third to Lady Carla in the Epsom Oaks, was a disappointing last of five behind the Aga Khan's Shamadara in the Prix de Malleret. Luca Cumani's Sursum, at 3-1, bounced back from a lacklustre effort at Chester to record his fourth win at San Siro yesterday. Enteringly ridden by Ferruccio Jovine, Sursum raced into a five-length lead in the Premio Cino Del Duca, and had enough in reserve to repel old rival, Scribano, by a length and a quarter on a yielding surface. At Ascot on Saturday it was good to see the spotlight falling on one of the unsung journeyman jockeys in the game, Nicky Carlisle, who won the valuable Talan Handicap on Midnight Escape. Carlisle, whose best seasonal tally is 27, fought out a great finish with Gary Bardwell on Sylvia Paradise and got a gallant response from his mount who was in the fighting line throughout. "He went all the way and

ENGLAND'S first innings 244 (R C Russell 124, G P Thorpe 88, Prasad 57). INDIA: Prasad 100 (Overnight 224-0). V Ramesh 0 Hussain 0 Cork 18. M Munga 100 b Lewis 101. S Ganguly 0 Mullyally 10. S P Tendulkar 0 Lewis 31. M Atherton 0 Russell 0 Mullyally 14. A D Jadeja 0 Inani 10. A D-Dravid 0 Russell 0 Lewis 95. A Kumble 0 b Mhambru 14. J Srinath 0 Mullyally 15. P J Srinath 0 Stewart 0 Cork 5. S K Prasad 0 Stewart 0 Cork 5. Sivas (61, 102, 10, 100) 88. Total (166.3 overs) 244. Fall of wickets: 25, 58, 124, 154, 202, 236, 251, 281, 418. Bowling: Lewis 40-11-101-5, Cork 42-31-112-3, Mullyally 30-17-83-4, Inani 24-10-70-1, Inani 12-3-31-1, Mhambru 7-0-8-0.

Sussex player fails drug test. LORD'S yesterday confirmed that Sussex cricketer tested positive in a random drug test conducted in May. The unnamed player, who awaits the result of a second sample, was tested during the championship match with Kent at Tunbridge Wells. The TCCB is to set up a panel to investigate. Sussex's secretary said: "I hope everyone respects that another test has to be carried out."

Read the award-winning team of Richard Williams, Frank Keating, Matthew Engel, David Lacey, Mike Selvey and David Hopps in the unique sports magazine free with the Guardian on Friday Sport96

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